the weekly
Standard
SEPTEMBER 15, 1997 $2.95

LEFTOVERS GONE BAD: 60S RADICALS IN TROUBLE
MATT LABASH

THE RISE OF THE LATTE TOWN
by David Brooks

The Triumph of Arne Carlson
MAJOR GARRETT

The Legacy of Raymond Chandler
ANDREW FERGUSON

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Lugar's Secret Alliance with the White House

Richard Lugar's pique with Jesse Helms, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is no secret. But now he wants to circumvent not just Helms but Madeleine Albright, secretary of state, as well. The Weekly Standard has obtained a lengthy confidential memo Lugar recently sent to Sandy Berger, Bill Clinton's national security adviser, laying out a strategy for securing Senate ratification of NATO enlargement. Lugar's message to Berger? Don't count on Helms, or Albright, to lead the enlargement campaign—let's you and me run the country's foreign policy.

First, Lugar proposes convening a "Resolution of Ratification Working Group" that he, conveniently, would chair. Next, he proposes writing a series of "Dear Colleague" letters to other senators making the case for ratification. The "Dear Colleague" campaign, writes Lugar, "is likely to have more of an impact on members than the hearing process"—a process that would be chaired by none other than Lugar's nemesis, Helms. Lugar also proposes that he lead one or two fact-finding trips to NATO headquarters for wavering senators.

Lugar suggests that President Clinton needs to demonstrate that NATO enlargement is "one of his highest priorities" through "active personal involvement." He can do this by appointing the national security adviser—Berger—as the "'point' man, the 'quarterback,' of the enlargement campaign." The State Department, writes Lugar, "would likely resist such an effort," but centralizing the enlargement campaign in the White House and the NSC "is the only way to succeed!" Take that, Madeleine.

Lugar's memo contains numerous other recommendations, including the appointment of a pro-enlargement Committee of Notables—he suggests Bob Dole, James Baker, Warren Christopher, William Perry, and Henry Kissinger—as well as White House events, White House/State Department "blast faxes," and the commissioning of public-opinion polls. Pretty impressive stuff. As an encore, maybe Lugar should apply for a job at the White House.

Dick Morris's Spiritual Rebirth

Every disgraced politico needs a guru. Richard Nixon had Rabbi Korff; Hillary Clinton has Eleanor Roosevelt; and Dick Morris has . . . Armstrong Williams. According to a recent *Washington Post* item, Williams—tireless radio and television talk-show host and black conservative about town—is now advising Morris on spiritual matters. Thanks to Williams's guidance, Morris told the *Post*, "I am sort of making an effort not to work for bad people." For instance, he explained, "I recently turned down a person who claimed to represent Imelda Marcos. I told them, 'You obviously take the reports of my foot fetish too seriously.'"

And how seriously can reports of Morris's spiritual rebirth be taken? Deadly seriously, assures Armstrong Williams. "He is becoming a man of faith," says Williams in earnest tones. "Our relationship has to do with what the meaning of life is." To help Morris along, Williams says he passed along two books to the former Clinton adviser, "*Mere Christianity* by C.S. Lewis and *The Confessions* by St. Augustine. I know he's read them. He can be in the middle of the night reading a book and he'll call me and say, 'Armstrong, you got to tell me, what does this *mean*?' He has all these questions: 'Why would God do this? How do you know when you're doing something wrong? How should I have known that it was wrong what I was doing?'"

The question-and-answer period continued not long ago, when the two met at Galileo, a fashionable D.C. restaurant. Williams, who was making last-minute preparations for a trip to Europe, was late. He found Morris waiting for him at a table near the back. "Armstrong," Williams says Morris enthused, "I've been sitting here reading these books. I've got all these questions for you." The two proceeded to break into prayer in the restaurant. "He's like a little kid who hungers for wisdom and knowledge," says Williams. "It's like what Dick says, 'Once you have been moved and you've seen part of the light, you can't ignore it because you want to see the rest of the light.'"

These days, says Williams, Morris doesn't even care about politics. "I'm telling you, Clinton and the Republicans, he doesn't want to talk about it, he's not interested in it." Indeed, says Williams, Morris may be on his way to becoming an evangelical Christian. "I've got a lot of hope for him. There's a lot there to work with. He's a decent guy. He's so honest, he's honest to the point he makes himself look bad. And when a man's honest, you can trust him. I'll tell you, that's the thing about faith."

Maybe. On the other hand, sometimes, seeing is believing.

The Venerable *New York Times*

The testimony of the three Buddhist nuns—venerable Man Ho, venerable Yi Chu, and venerable Man Ya—made headlines everywhere the day after their first appearance at Sen. Fred Thompson's campaign-finance hearings. But it didn't make the same headlines. The *Washington*

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Scrapbook

Times had the most sensational front page: "Nuns admit shredding evidence of event." The cross-town *Washington Post* played it almost the same: "Nuns Tell of Panic About Fund-Raiser, Documents Destroyed or Altered to Conceal Temple's Role With DNC." And the *Wall Street Journal* weighed in with "Buddhist Nuns Tell How They Funneled Money."

The *New York Times*, on the other hand, sifted through all of the uncontroverted testimony of nuns destroying documents and came up with this front-page headline: "Nuns Say Temple Event With Gore Was Not a Fund-Raiser."

Some conservatives will argue that the *Times*'s Page One editors are being liberal hacks, trying to put a preposterously positive spin on what was in all respects a devastatingly bad day for Al Gore. THE SCRAPBOOK, though, certainly does not believe in anything so crude as liberal bias. We believe that the *Times*'s headline writers are superior journalists who always play it straight. We base this on the historical record, which shows many similar *New York Times* headlines in years gone by, notably 1973's "Nixon Is Innocent: President Assures Us He Is 'Not a Crook,'" and only a decade ago, this: "Oliver North Sets the Record Straight: Patriotic Witness Tells Iran-Contra Senators He Did His Duty."

MOTHER JONES, MERITOCRAT

An interesting newcomer to anti-affirmative-action ranks is the left-wing San Francisco bi-monthly *Mother Jones* (named for Mary Harris Jones, 1830-1930, scourge of child labor and, as the masthead has it, "orator, union organizer, and hellraiser"). The editorial in the September/October issue is admirably blunt. "Affirmative action didn't cause America's fundamental racial problems," it declares, "slavery and segregation did. But affirmative action has eroded liberals' moral credibility as reformers and driven away many natural allies. . . . Support for affirmative action became a virtual mantra for liberals, even though it contradicted a widely held American belief that no racial or ethnic group deserved a mandated advantage in the marketplace, and even though the central beneficiaries—middle-class blacks—commanded a limited political base."

This salutary, not to say astonishing, development leaves the *Nation* virtually alone among prominent American opinion magazines still decrying the retreat from state-proffered racial preferences as "staggering" and "ominous." The *Nation*—and all the mainstream press.

NOTE

In our August 4 issue, we reported that congressman Jim Leach saw private investigator Jack Palladino near Mr. Leach's house one evening in 1994. At the time we published our story, our sources were confident of this information. Mr. Palladino has now written to Mr. Leach and to THE WEEKLY STANDARD denying that he was ever near Mr. Leach's home or that he ever investigated Mr. Leach. Mr. Leach has written back that he accepts Mr. Palladino's disclaimers, and, accordingly, so do we.

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Staff Assistant/Receptionist: THE WEEKLY STANDARD has an opening for a full-time entry-level administrative staff assistant. Duties include answering phones, sorting mail, handling back issues, customer requests, and other support tasks. Excellent opportunity for an energetic and enthusiastic person interested in politics and publishing. Please fax letter and résumé to: Business Manager, 202-293-4901.

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Correspondence

Piecing Together the Crack-Up

After reading your symposium ("Is There a Worldwide Conservative Crack-Up?," Aug. 25/Sept. 1), I concur with those who point out, as Gary Bauer did, that troubles flourish when good men do nothing. Part of the problem, of course, is the current scarcity of good men. Good men are able to rise above party. Good men are inclined to take action, to take chances to advance their principles. What we are faced with today is cowardly men in high places.

Just so, it appears that the Republican party has no respect for the American people. A flood of solicitations for money flows from them, yet we hear nothing about cutting back the bureaucracy, or initiating an across-the-board tax cut.

I agree with Paul M. Weyrich: Conservatives are without a party.

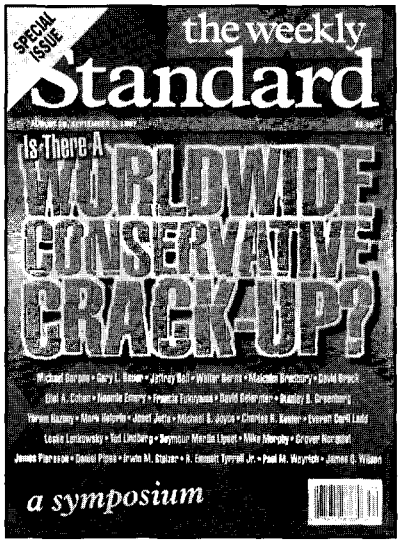
PAUL M. GEARY
PACIFICA, CA

What a great issue! I enjoyed reading all of the contributions, agreed with many, and learned from most. But I have one quibble: With so much space and so many slots, why not include the thoughts of non-Washington, D.C., and non-foundation types? Also, while I enjoyed reports from Israel, Britain, Germany, and France, I would have been delighted to read something by someone in the trenches of, say, Michigan.

Is there a conservative crack-up in Michigan? You bet there is. Our conservative governor soared as a possible national candidate last spring, only to see his party lose the lower house. Moreover, he has lost the confidence of a winner and is now an on-again, off-again candidate for reelection next year. Indeed, informing the people has been a problem for this governor and for conservatives in general. They do not have enough confidence in themselves or in the people to keep us posted. Those of us in Michigan who had hoped for a true restructuring of government services to make them more efficient and cost-effective are checking out. We're already chucking the gimmicky fund-raising letters. We don't feel as though we were ever really on the team. Sounds a lot like our relationship with Congress, doesn't it?

WENDELL JENNINGS
GRAND BLANC, MI

Of the 28 writers who contributed to your symposium, many mentioned the government shutdown of 1995 as a loss to conservatives. But only Mike Murphy came close to explaining why. Certainly, conservatives were blamed for the shutdown, and were trailing in the polls. But just as the polls were beginning to show that people believed Clinton was equally



responsible, the Republicans caved in. Clinton, who really had been close to irrelevant, was made to look like a winner. Not only did the Republicans totally surrender, they appeared to admit that they had been wrong all along. The liberal news media, of course, contributed to this depiction. And even the conservative press castigated the House freshmen who dared to stand up for their principles. Thus R. Emmett Tyrrell's observation regarding conservative politicians is true: "After all they were modern politicians. Rather than run on principle, they ran in pursuit of approval."

CHARLES H. HIGGINS
EL DORADO SPRINGS, MO

As a subscriber to THE WEEKLY STANDARD from its first issue, I believe your special issue is one of your most noteworthy.

One of the things that appear to be hurting the conservative movement is its incompetence in grass-roots campaigning—the effort to explain to undecided or uninformed voters how conservative policies will improve their lives.

Instead, nearly all of the correspondence I have received from conservative groups has been for money, which I don't have much of in the first place. I'm still getting fund-raising letters from the Republican National Committee, despite the fact that its leaders are behaving disgracefully and are operating with no clear agenda.

As long as the Republicans want to continue to tear their party apart, and to fail to bring their message to the American people, I am going to place their fund-raising letters where they put their principles, loyalty, and courage: the garbage can.

CHRISTOPHER KARAS
WASHINGTON, DC

Several of your writers touch upon something that most conservatives either overlook or reject: The so-called crack-up results more from sweeping cultural changes than from specific strategic decisions by conservative politicians.

In every society, there are actually two cultures. Conservatives have critiqued the most obvious—the popular culture—for decades. However, there is a larger sense of the word "culture": It is everything that gives a people a sense of their place and role in the world. For 50 years, the American identity was expressed as "leader of the free world." This identity, as Michael Barone points out, produced winning Republican candidates seven times in ten presidential elections following the Age of Roosevelt—even in the face of an ascendant liberal political ideology. Thus the overarching cultural identity of the nation generally trumps discrete political ideology and specific issues.

Today, if there is no singular cultural identity, what has replaced it? "Those who used to heed the call of class, religion, or ethnicity," writes Josef Joffe, "have become nimble-footed shoppers in the market of political goodies.

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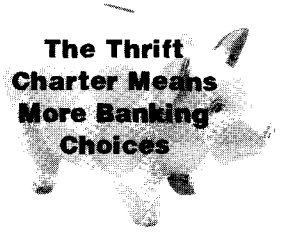
Does Congress want to smash the world's best financial system?



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. . . The voter wants it both: the rightish jam and the leftish honey." The question Joffe does not ask is this: How could the voter not behave this way? In an information age that gives us more television stations than we could ever want, an Internet that allows us to surf where we wish, and technology to create our unique worlds through Web sites, how can we understand that we can't "have it all" and that one opinion is not as valid as the next?

The first thing conservatives should do is figure out exactly what country we're living in, and how to communicate with it.

ROBERT A. GEORGE
WASHINGTON, DC

You asked a variety of conservatives what ails conservatism. Some of your panelists' replies unwittingly reveal the problem we face as conservatives: our inability to connect with Americans on pocketbook issues. When I was in high school and college, conservatives believed that Americans needed more prosperity, while no-growth liberals believed that Americans were too rich and needed to stop consuming. Yet today, the tables appear to have turned.

For example, Michael Barone writes, "the country that . . . overpays its workers will be sharply punished." Similarly, Seymour Martin Lipset appears to praise an Australian socialist politician who "boast[ed] that an accord with the unions had resulted in reducing real wages by at least 1 percent in each of the eight years during which he was head of government." Lipset also praises Swedish socialists who "dropped their steady wage-growth . . . policies."

Conservatives need to be reminded of a simple, common-sense truth: To succeed in office, they should seek not merely to shrink government for the sake of shrinking government, but to make Americans more prosperous. Thus, wage increases are good, and wage cuts are bad. When conservatives forget that fact, they deserve to lose.

MICHAEL E. LEWYN
BUFFALO, NY

Ironically, your symposium on the conservative crack-up inadvertently confirmed the supposedly inaccurate stereotype that conservatives are simply a "white male club." The symposium was virtually all male and, with one exception, appears to have been all white men at that. Did anyone think to invite Mona Charen or Suzanne Fields—or Bill Allen or Walter Williams? Or Richard Rodriguez, who might offer a uniquely West Coast contribution? Indeed, the presence of such perceptive observers would have helped break the groupthink assumptions of identity politics.

Should you decide to undergo diversity training, I'd be happy to recommend a gentle consultant.

FREDERICK R. LYNCH
CLAREMONT, CA

Thank you for the pageant of explanation in your special issue. I suspect that there is not a crack-up of conservative ideas so much as a failure to be consistent and forceful in presenting them. Conservatives must break the hold of public discussion held by the Left in every institution of society, from the universities to elementary schools, from the media to the workplace. It's time to get serious. The alternative is the dreaded crack-up.

JOHN CLARK SALYER
STERLING, VA

I read with great interest the thoughtful articles in your symposium. I have often thought that it's a shame that conservative magazines like *National Review* and THE WEEKLY STANDARD are read mostly by conservatives, not liberals. Would it be possible to send a free copy of THE WEEKLY STANDARD to the most liberal members of Congress? They probably wouldn't be pleased with the gift, but it's possible that some of your erudition might be absorbed by osmosis.

R. STOCKTON SIKES
LEWISTON, NY

While nursing the headache caused by your symposium, it suddenly came to me that conservatism as described by most of your participants fits very well with the career of Bill Clinton! That is precisely the problem. American conservatism with Clinton seems unprincipled, contradictory, opportunistic, flabby, self-indulgent—and successful. Only Paul M. Weyrich and R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. seemed to understand that true American conservatism must offer a challenge to American nationalism to awaken and do battle.

NORMAN RAVITCH
RIVERSIDE, CA

In his lively analysis, R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. noted the recent 200th anniversary of Edmund Burke's death and asked, "How many American conservative institutions or journalists paused to let out a yell?"

The Leadership Institute did. Our July 9 Edmund Burke reception attracted about 200 friends. Preeminent Burke scholar Dr. Peter J. Stanlis delivered an address entitled "Edmund Burke as Statesman: The Philosopher in Action." And Mrs. Russell Kirk unveiled a grand new oil painting of Burke the Leadership Institute had commissioned.

MORTON C. BLACKWELL
ARLINGTON, VA

A WORD FROM THE INSIDE

Your article "Inside the Clinton Attack Machine" (Aug. 4) asserts (on the basis of an unnamed source) that I told an unnamed reporter that one L.D. Brown murdered his mother. This is false. I have made no such assertion.

DAVID E. KENDALL
WASHINGTON, DC

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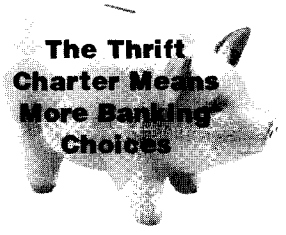

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Casual

Confessions of a Dog Weirdo

Her reproof contained the sting of a salt bath in a leper colony. I've been called worse—in fact, I am worse. But the charge held extra resonance since it was leveled by my wife, who possesses a special knack for pinning the tail on my peculiarities with a fat, blunt acuity that leaves little room for denial.

We'd been meandering through an art gallery—all French doors and blond hardwoods and overpriced landscapes, with the owner's yellow Lab sprawled on the floor. Other patrons smiled politely and stroked his head once. But I was on my fourth pass, having moved from the dog's face, back, and belly to the intimate flea patch at the base of his tail, which made his posterior turn northward when scratched.

My wife looked at me as if she were dragging a wayward toddler through the mall. "Knock it off, or they'll know," she cautioned. "Know what?" I asked, as if I didn't know. She leaned into me as if she were going to share a secret, though her voice grew louder: "That you're a DOG WEIRDO."

I abhor confessionals, but I must cop to Dog Weirdom. I cannot, nor do I desire to, keep my hands off other people's dogs, and I will go to great lengths to satisfy these longings.

Not that I want for my own dog. I do have Simon, a barrel-torsoed Dalmatian of stout heart and meager brains who affixes his teeth to the front bumpers of moving cars when they brake in the turns. He is beginning to slow down, having scored only three kills this year (a rabbit, a squirrel, and my sister-in-law's cockatoo). But with age, our relationship grows more symbiotic; though his manhood (let me call it) is only a dim memory, he still prefers the company of my leg to that of canine acquaintances.

For me however, it is not enough. I crave the new, the exotic, the Other, with a desire both insatiable and platonic (I'm not *that* kind of Dog Weirdo). And so it has been ever since my parents deprived me of a dog in favor of a hamster, Rocky, who escaped his Habitrail and met a bloody demise in our dryer under a particularly heavy load of permanent press. Some say it was no accident—I guess we'll never know. But I grieved two doors down with Choo-Choo, a drooly boxer who regularly ran the span of his fence until he came to the end, leapt high in the air, and turned his dog sprinkler on anyone within territory-marking range.

There have been no more Rockys, but many more Choo-Choos. I have taken comfort in others' dogs on the street and behind privacy fences, sometimes after asking, others times after breaking and entering. There were the jellybean feedings with the mongrel Duchess and the shaved Virginia-honey-ham feedings with the pointer Heidi, whose owners thought she was on a strict Purina High-Pro diet (Heidi never talked). As a college student, I once slipped into a stranger's house to pet his deaf St. Bernard, Jocko, a precarious move since you had to stomp your feet so the dog would feel the vibrations and not get startled into snapping off a limb. And there was the time I absentmindedly slipped a seeing-eye dog a Bennigan's Buffalo wing while copping a pet. Only after much silent prayer did the small chicken bones ease their way down her gullet, with her master never knowing how close he came to losing his ride home.

If I see any English bulldog (my favorite breed), even while in my car, I will pull over and pump its owner with questions about jaw turn-up and hocks and flews and other things only pros or fetishists could possibly care about. Recently, upon leaving my favorite restaurant in Baltimore's Little Italy, I rapped on the door of a Sicilian woman's basement apartment to summon her bulldog, Luke. I still don't know her name, though I've visited her dog frequently, and once again I left her standing on the street in her bathrobe at 10:30 p.m. talking to my wife, while Luke took me for a run in hot pursuit of osso buco and prosciutto.

Despite my wife's counsel, I will not seek professional help. For even as I write this—with the neighborhood children at school and their parents at work—I am just returned from petting dogs. And with my own dog stationed by my desk, my obsession with his kind is validated. Ours is a bond forged beyond mere similarities: our disdain for cats and UPS uniforms, our enthusiasm for porch loitering, scratching ourselves, and table food. As my scent belies faithlessness, he remains faithful, incapable of passing judgment, or at least articulating it. Instead, he rests contentedly, brush-thumping his tail against the floor like a canine Art Blakey. He has one eye on my corn chips, the other on my leg.

Matt Labash

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the weekly Standard

Stop the "Peace Process"

Why is Secretary of State Madeleine Albright going to the Middle East only days after three suicide bombers killed four and wounded 170 in Jerusalem? Because, the president says, the bombers wanted to kill not only civilians but the peace process itself, and they cannot be allowed to succeed. Oh? How many Israelis have to be hurt before the United States recognizes that the "peace process" needs to be rethought completely?

There have been nearly 400 civilian casualties in Jerusalem this summer; more than 1,800 Israelis have been killed or injured in terrorist attacks since the signing of the Oslo accords in May 1994. The "Oslo peace process" is a very interesting one. It works as follows: Israel makes concessions to the Palestinians. Then the bombs go off. It happened just these past few weeks; Israel opened its borders to the Palestinians again after closing them following the July 30 bombings in Jerusalem. It did so in part because of American pressure. The almost immediate result: last week's suicide bombings.

Israel took a risk in opening the borders—especially considering the fact that Yasser Arafat decided in the aftermath of the July attack to plant a kiss on the political boss of Hamas, the organization responsible. After last week's attack, Israel closed the borders again. That seems like a rational act, no?

Not according to the *New York Times*, whose editorial on the subject last week was one of the most appalling the paper has ever published. It began: "Terrorist bombers strike, Israel responds by confining Palestinians to the Gaza Strip and West Bank, recriminations fly from both sides and the Middle East peace effort sinks deeper into paralysis." This astonishing sentence indicates the depths of the intellectual corruption fostered by the Oslo peace process. The *Times* dares to draw a parallel between an act of barbarous terror—the bombs—and an act taken by a sovereign government to protect its citizens—the closing of Israel's borders.

Why? Because the very logic of the Oslo peace process requires moral equivalence. It requires polite opinion to believe that any action taken by Israel in pursuit of its own security is somehow as bad as any action taken by the Palestinians to terrorize and intimidate the citizenry of Israel.

"Mr. Netanyahu and Mr. Arafat must climb above the violence that is engulfing them," the *Times* opines. This is noxious. What violence engulfs Mr. Arafat? Mr. Arafat kisses violence on the lips. It is the Jewish citizenry of Jerusalem that is being engulfed by violence and the fear of violence. Madeleine Albright and Bill Clinton should stand with the innocent victims of terror. No more fetishizing the "peace process." No more movement on Oslo until Arafat stops embracing Hamas and starts destroying it. Better to kill the "peace process" than to allow its logic to kill more Israelis. ♦

Eugenics Then and Now

Two weeks ago, Americans were briefly alerted to a history of state-coerced sterilization in modern Sweden. A series of articles in *Dagens Nyheter*, the leading Stockholm daily, had recently detailed the program under which nearly 60,000 "socially inferior" and "subnormal" Swedish women were targeted for hysterectomies, from 1934 to 1975. This was an irresistible scandal for American newspapers, which reported Sweden's embarrassment with more than a hint of satisfaction, the kind you get when you catch the preacher with a call girl. Note the subtext: *Even the Scandinavians*, who have been preening about their superior humanism for decades, sometimes behave very, very badly.

Now, we hold no brief for Sweden. And it is really no accident that it was a succession of "enlightened"

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Social Democratic governments in Stockholm that worked most vigorously to purify the Nordic bloodline. Quite the contrary. It is an established fact that for half a century—until the example of Nazi Germany prompted a quickie divorce—socialism and eugenics were married to each other in the "advanced" Western mind. These were manly men, Europe's early lefties. They did not shrink from the notion that eliminating social misery might also involve eliminating procreation by the miserable.

But truth be told, Americans cannot now scold the Swedes without hypocrisy. While we may always have resisted socialism here in the States, we are nevertheless marked among free peoples by a eugenic past that's second to none. And there is more; something even worse. American culture *currently* embraces an icy scientism about "lives not worth living"—an attitude so thoroughgoing as virtually to escape notice.

IN SWEDEN, MOST STERILIZATIONS WERE AT LEAST PUTATIVELY CONSENSUAL. IN THE UNITED STATES, THE VAST MAJORITY WERE ENTIRELY INVOLUNTARY.

The world's first eugenic sterilization—a prophylactic vasectomy for "genetic inferiority"—was performed in 1899 on a state prison inmate in Indiana, which eight years later enacted the world's first compulsory sterilization law. Thirty other states, in an attempt to arrest the generational transmission of criminal or "feeble minded" tendencies, followed suit over the next few decades. Between 1907 and 1960, according to the best available research, at least 60,000 Americans were sterilized under such statutes. If you count unwitting victims and undocumented or inaccurately recorded surgeries, the number might be as high as 100,000. In Sweden, most sterilizations were at least putatively consensual. In the United States, the vast majority were entirely involuntary.

And they were fully enforced by the high priests of progressive jurisprudence. Carrie Buck of Charlottesville, Virginia, was allegedly retarded. In 1924, under a law governing "mental defectives" passed earlier that year, she was scheduled for a court-ordered "salpingectomy," or tubal ligation. Buck fought her sterilization sentence for three years, all the way to the Supreme Court. Where she was dismissed, out of hand, by no less than Oliver Wendell Holmes. As the likely future parent of "socially inadequate offspring," Holmes wrote for an 8-1 majority, Carrie Buck had a positive duty to submit to the knife—lest the nation be "swamped with incompetence." The United States, Holmes concluded, in what must be the most hideous high-court pronouncement in our history, can "prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. . . . Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

That was 70 years ago. The relevant laws are long gone. But the spirit of those laws—the unreflective conviction that there are spheres of human existence, actual and potential, that are worse than useless—is everywhere still with us.

When last we met Jack Kevorkian, the Supreme Court was deciding that it wasn't quite ready to identify a constitutional right to physician-assisted suicide. That morning, June 26, Kevorkian saw to it that Janis Murphy of Nevada died in a motel room near Detroit. She'd been suffering from "chronic fatigue syndrome." Kevorkian has been on a tear ever since, though after what his lawyer says are "nearly 100" such treatments, the national press has largely lost interest and stopped reporting them.

On July 2, Kevorkian supervised two more Detroit-area motel deaths. Dorinda Scheipsmeier of Oceanside, California, and Lynne Lennox of Lakewood, New Jersey, each had multiple sclerosis, which is not a fatal illness—though it is quite often associated with clinical depression. On August 13, Kevorkian dispatched another MS patient, Karen Shoffstall of Long Beach, New York, in a Holiday Inn. On August 26, he took care of Janet Good, his longtime technical assistant and propagandist. Good had earlier been operated on for pancreatic cancer. But at the time of her death, an autopsy indicated, she was cancer-free. On August 29, Kevorkian helped MS patient Thomas Summerlee of Colorado Springs to a lethal injection.

Just last week, on September 3, Kevorkian set up his suicide machine in a Bloomfield Township Quality Inn. Carol Fox had flown in from Pennsylvania with a so-far-unconfirmed case of ovarian cancer. Now she, too, is dead. Michigan police no longer even bother to arrest the good "doctor." They have tried repeatedly to prosecute him over the years. No jury is willing to convict.

Amazingly enough, there are American juries, more than a few, now willing to assign damages against certain doctors who *fail* to kill their patients. The American cultural bias against irregular life has become so deep-rooted that the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists officially recommends pre-natal Down-syndrome screening for all pregnant women, though that screening's only practical purpose is to trigger a choice for abortion. Private health insurance and Medicaid and state-based health

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programs now typically pay for amniocentesis—and for a raft of comparable tests for other incurable fetal anomalies. Disabled newborns are becoming a relative rarity in the United States, because American OB/GYNs routinely and automatically recommend these tests to their patients, many or most of whom routinely and automatically elect to end their pregnancies at the merest hint of "risk."

This is not simply an argument about abortion. What's more broadly startling about current obstetrical practice is what happens in those circumstances when risk becomes reality. Doctors who deliver disabled infants get sued. All the time. Parents make a tort claim for something called "wrongful birth," arguing that they would have aborted the child had they been properly advised during gestation—in essence, that their parenthood represents a net injury that warrants compensation. Dozens of times, in at least 16 states in recent years, juries have affirmed such complaints.

In at least four states, beginning with a 1982 California trial involving a child born deaf, juries have gone so far as to accept a claim for something called "wrongful life." Here, the disabled child *himself* sues, through his parents. The alleged tort, in such a case, is life *per se*. The plaintiff newborn argues, essentially, that he has been denied a right to be aborted—that his undesired life is less valuable to him than nonexistence would be. And the jury, speaking for state and society, agrees that this is a reasonable conclusion.

What is all this if it is not eugenics? In the industrialized world, where intolerance of biological imperfection is concerned, the United States may yet be Number One—recent disclosures from Sweden notwithstanding.

—David Tell, for the Editors

McCain't Gonna Happen

by Matthew Rees

"I'M DEAD SERIOUS ABOUT THIS," says Republican senator John McCain of his threat to attach sweeping campaign-finance reform to non-budget bills that come to the Senate floor. In the afterglow of the bipartisan balanced-budget agreement, McCain is promising disruption. If he makes good on his threat, he will drag the Senate into trench warfare for the next few months.

Do Senate Republicans—nearly all of whom oppose McCain's campaign-finance plan—have the stomach to block him even if it takes a filibuster? "Proudly," says Mitch McConnell, the GOP's strongest voice against McCain-style reform. McConnell believes there's too *little* money in America's political campaigns, and he's certain many of McCain's proposals—such as placing limits on the political advocacy of interest groups—are unconstitutional.

But even McConnell's less diehard colleagues seem inclined to hold their ground. He told me, "There's considerably less queasiness about this issue than I've ever seen." Though most Senate Republicans would rather not have to fight about campaign finance for the rest of the year, they don't care much for McCain's proposal and are prepared to do what's necessary to block its passage.

A useful weathervane is Al D'Amato of New York, engaged in an uphill race for reelection and well known for grabbing any issue he thinks will win him votes. If he thought campaign reform would help him next year, he would be front-and-center with his own proposal. But he is skeptical about the bill McCain has introduced. He doesn't expect it to pass and doesn't believe Republicans will be punished for their obstinacy. Another who might be expected to clamor for reform is Paul Coverdell of Georgia, a Republican who was narrowly elected in 1992 and could face a stiff challenge next year. But he dismisses McCain's proposal as unconstitutional and says "this is not something that's on everyone's mind."

If Coverdell, D'Amato, or any other Republicans get weak-kneed, McConnell will be there with reams of polling data and political experience to steer them back to the reservation. A recent Fox News poll, for example, found that Republicans have a 36-24 edge over Democrats when people are asked which party is "better" on campaign-finance reform. Asked about a potential backlash if the GOP appears to be blocking reform, McConnell notes that the last time Republicans filibustered on campaign finance was five weeks before the 1994 elections. The backlash didn't materialize then, and McConnell thinks it won't now.

McConnell would seem to have a formidable foe in McCain, a cheerful, nationally recognized Republican best known for his five years as a prisoner of war in Vietnam. So why have only two other Senate Republicans—Fred Thompson of Tennessee and Susan Collins of Maine—signed on to McCain's effort? The

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biggest problem is that most Republicans believe the bill is dreadful and violates the First Amendment. And there are other difficulties. Thompson's hearings on political fund-raising are starting to pay some dividends—i.e., Al Gore's trouble with the Buddhist temple—and some Republicans believe they're better off keeping the focus there rather than getting bogged down with new legislation this year. Says a top GOP aide, "We need to remember that this is [the Democrats'] problem, not ours."

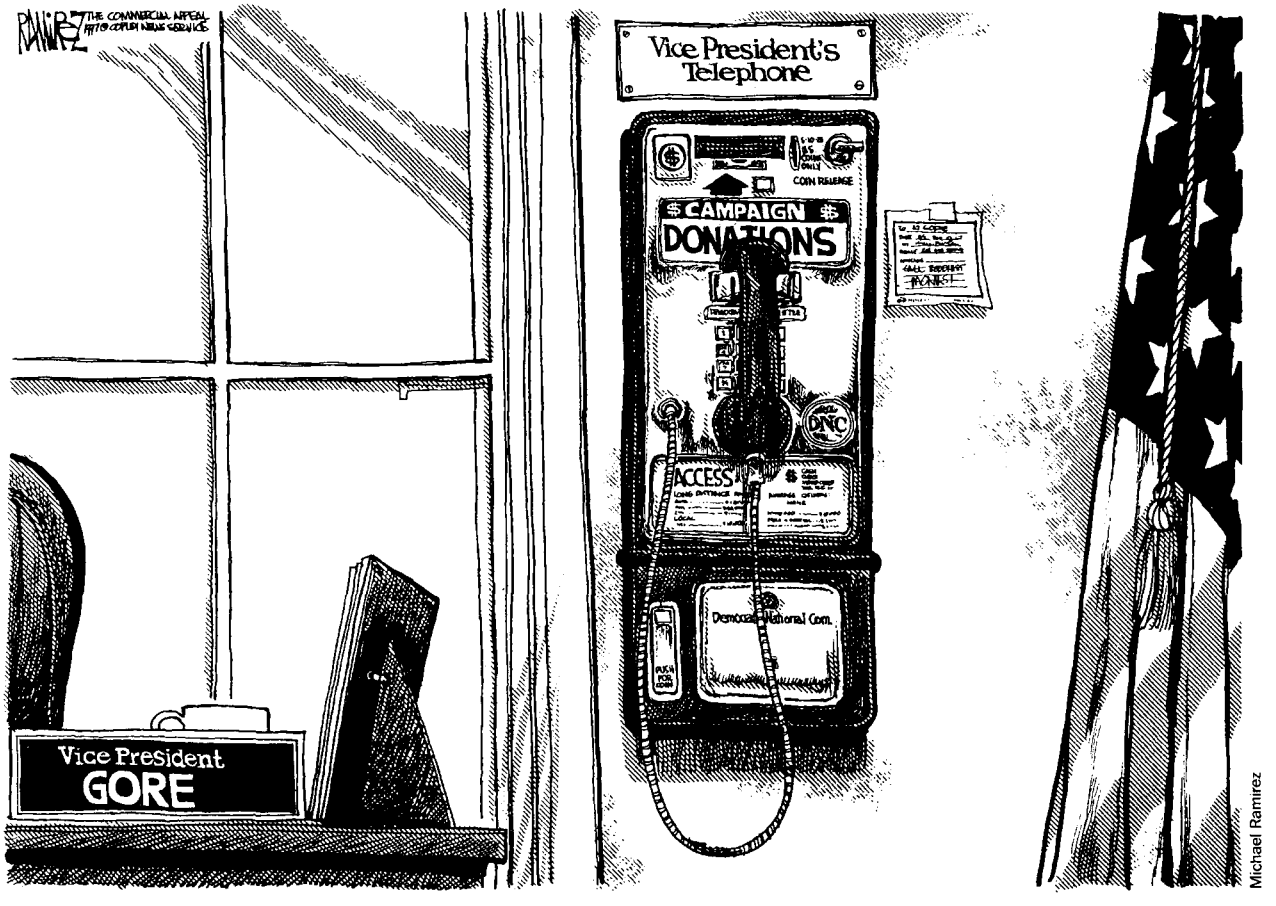
Another challenge for McCain is McConnell. In addition to leading the opposition to restrictions on campaign spending, McConnell chairs the Senate Republican campaign committee, which distributes millions of dollars to Republican candidates. That creates a powerful incentive for senators not to cross him. Whether McConnell would curtail contributions to an ideologically unfriendly candidate remains unknown. But he's been decidedly cool toward Senate candidate Linda Smith, a House Republican and zealous advocate of McCain-style campaign-finance reform.

A third factor stifling prospects for reform is McCain's reputation as a grandstander. His scrappiness and his disavowal of order, discipline, and hierarchy would go over well in the House, but in the more genteel Senate such behavior is seen as self-indulgent, adding to his colleagues' dislike of his distinctly un-Republican proposal.

A final obstacle for McCain is that particular provisions of his bill stir strong feelings among various members of both parties, infinitely complicating compromise. The bill's treatment of political contributions from compulsory union dues is one example. Senate Republican leader Trent Lott and his Democratic counterpart Tom Daschle have espoused opposite views on this and declared them non-negotiable.

McCain's cosponsor, Democrat Russ Feingold, says he's finding support for the proposal "gradually" increasing, with "a sense among Democrats that this may become reality." For now, though, McCain and Feingold lack the 60 votes needed to stop the inevitable filibuster of their proposal. It took Watergate to generate the last campaign-finance reform, and the McCain bill still looks destined for the failure that has met every subsequent effort in the past 21 years.

Matthew Rees is a staff writer for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.



Michael Ramirez

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SAME SEX, SAME WEDDING

by Mark Tooley

WATCH FOR SAME-SEX MARRIAGE to become the latest rage at America's university chapels. Recently Harvard's chaplain, himself a homosexual, announced that his chapel will extend its "hospitality" to male-male and female-female couples. The chapel at Stanford has hosted two same-sex ceremonies in the last two years.

Nor will the trend be limited to liberal campuses in the Northeast and on the West Coast. Already, in the heart of the Bible belt, Emory University in Atlanta is embroiled in controversy over same-sex celebrations.

Like many other universities, Emory has an advocacy office for "Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual Life," extends benefits to employees' same-sex companions, and hosts conferences like the recent "Queering the South." But the issue of same-sex nuptials arose only this May, after two men arranged to be married in the chapel at the Oxford, Georgia, campus. When a dean canceled the ceremony, Emory president William Chace quickly overruled him and telephoned the couple to apologize personally, lest the university be seen to violate its policy of nondiscrimination.

Like many American universities, Emory has a church affiliation, by virtue of a dusty charter in the school's archive. Chace and his academic colleagues must have been shocked when, in June, the North Georgia Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church reminded the school of this affiliation and of the church's disapproval of homosexual practices. North Georgia bishop G. Lindsey Davis informed Emory's board of trustees that the school was founded by and is still "owned" by the church. The denomination pours over $1.4 million into Emory every year, most of it into the school of theology.

Trustee Sam Nunn, the former U.S. senator who is both a Methodist and an Emory graduate, told the board that same-sex marriage is illegal in Georgia. Consequently the trustees banned all weddings, both heterosexual and homosexual, at Emory until they reach a formal resolution at their meeting this fall. The trustees include not only four Methodist bishops, but also corporate titans such as the chairman of Coca-Cola and the president of Home Depot, Inc.

Ultimately, it appears likely that same-sex ceremonies will be prohibited in Emory's chapels. But some Methodists fear that homosexuality will be further legitimized elsewhere on campus. The church has criticized the school's granting of employee benefits to same-sex domestic partners but has not directly challenged it.

Like most American universities, Emory has strayed far from its origins. The university was created to foster the scholarly search for truth, whose foundation was understood to be the Scriptures. Religious faith is now treated at Emory at best as merely another lifestyle; at worst, as an antique vestige of an oppressive past. Few students and faculty had reason to ponder Emory's church connection until the same-sex-marriage flap.

RELIGIOUS FAITH IS NOW TREATED AT EMORY AT BEST AS MERELY ANOTHER LIFESTYLE; AT WORST, AS AN ANTIQUE VESTIGE OF AN OPPRESSIVE PAST. THE SCHOOL HAS STRAYED FAR FROM ITS ORIGINS.

In a letter defending his school's benefits for same-sex couples two years ago, Chace voiced the rudderless thinking of academe. As he saw it, the university's role is to "inform" the church about the "expanding boundaries of truth." He insisted that "God's righteousness does push us towards a more complete realization of mercy and justice together." Same-sex couples, he claimed, can show a "commitment" equal to "matrimony" and therefore are "entitled" to the same benefits as husbands and wives. Anything less, he warned, is "discrimination."

In seeking to sponsor and subsidize same-sex unions, Emory and other universities are not just endorsing "liberated" sexual conduct. They are denying the fixed ethical standards upon which the great schools of Western civilization were established. Emory's president wants to "expand" truth's boundaries. But actually he is echoing Pontius Pilate's cynical question of Jesus: "What is truth?"

Chace likens the homosexual cause to the civil-rights movement. But the champions of racial equality premised their arguments upon teachings from the Bible. Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King Jr. did not parrot the popular culture. Employing the noblest religious traditions of the West, they fought to redeem it. University presidents could profit from their example.

Mark Tooley directs the United Methodist Committee of the Institute on Religion and Democracy.

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UNTRUE AT ANY SPEED

by Stephen Moore

THROUGHOUT 1995, RALPH NADER, Joan Claybrook, and the rest of the Washington "consumer advocacy" lobby spewed venom at congressional Republicans for the death and carnage that would result from the GOP's budget and regulatory policies. On no issue was the hysteria more inflated than on what may have been the Republicans' most popular accomplishment: repeal of the federal 55-mile-per-hour speed limit.

"History will never forgive Congress for this assault on the sanctity of human life," sermonized Nader, the nation's self-appointed babysitter, in November 1995. Public Citizen's Claybrook moaned that by raising the speed limit, Republicans "buried moral leadership in the rich opportunities afforded by political power." On the *Today* show, Judith Stone, president of Advocates for Highway and Auto Safety, predicted "6,400 added highway fatalities a year and millions more injuries." Federico Peña, then head of Clinton's Department of Transportation, sanctimoniously declared: "Allowing speed limits to rise above 55 simply means that more Americans will die and be injured on our highways."

NADER, STONE, CLAYBROOK, AND PENA WERE WRONG. IN THE FIRST YEAR AFTER THE REPUBLICAN CONGRESS LIFTED THE 55 MPH FEDERAL SPEED LIMIT, SPEEDING-RELATED DEATHS FELL.

Well, Nader, Stone, Claybrook, and Peña were wrong. Last month the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) disclosed the traffic-fatality data for 1996, the first year the higher speed limits were in effect. Fatalities rose by a grand total of 109—or 0.25 percent. Using the most meaningful comparison—traffic deaths per mile traveled—highway fatalities actually fell by more than 1 percent. And the absolute number of *speeding*-related deaths *fell* by 258. That's right: Higher speed limits corresponded with greater highway safety.

Even more surprising, in the 27 states where the higher speed limits had been in effect for at least six months, highway fatalities were virtually unchanged. California raised its speed limit to 70, and fatalities fell to their lowest level since 1961. In a few states where the speed limit was raised to 75 mph, notably Texas, fatal crashes increased by a disturbing 18 percent. But in six of the eight states that adopted a 75 mph speed limit, there were fewer, not more, fatal crashes.

And then there is the amazing case of libertarian Montana—where federal speed limits are about as popular as gun-control laws and federal Fish and Wildlife Service bureaucrats. Snobbish East Coasters, who still think of big-sky country as filled with witless cowboys, were aghast to learn in late 1995 that Montana would go to no daytime speed limit at all, opting instead for a "reasonable and prudent" standard. National safety experts gloomily predicted that Montana motorists would have to equip their cars with drag parachutes and that morticians would see a steep rise in their business. Humorist Tony Kornheiser of the *Washington Post* had a field day writing about the amateur Al Unsers who would take to the speedways in "Big Die Country." "Letting people drive as fast as they want isn't about individual freedom," he wrote, "it's about population control. It's about thinning the herd."

Guess what? NHTSA figures indicate a 6 percent decline in fatalities on the Montana highways in 1996, though also a slight increase in accidents in the first six months of 1997.

Now, let us imagine for a moment that highway deaths had surged by anywhere near the preposterous 6,400 that the fear-mongers predicted. Across the nation, newspaper headlines would have screamed: "Republican Congress Causes Slaughter on the Roads." Dan Rather would have led with the morbid story on the evening news. Ralph Nader would have held a wake/press conference with scrolls bearing the names of those killed or maimed thanks to the callous disregard for "the sanctity of human life" of the Republican Congress.

Instead the unexpected good news about traffic fatalities got a yawn from the media, with the exception of CNN, which aired a superb story taking "U.S. highway-safety experts" to task for false predictions of doom. ABC, CBS, and NBC ignored the NHTSA report. Newspaper coverage was sparse. Only *USA Today* published a major story, but its headline read "Seat Belts Counteract Higher Speed Limits" (even though, according to a NHTSA spokesman, "there's no real evidence that seat-belt usage has gone up much in the last few years").

Later this fall, NHTSA will release a $200,000 study mandated by Congress on the effects of the higher speed limits on highway safety. The study may

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STATES RIGHTS—WHO CARES?

What a great idea! It's just what every American wants: Another federal agency soaking up taxpayer dollars to perform a function better managed by the states! Yet that is what's happening in Washington.

Affiliations legislation (H.R. 10) allowing financial services firms to merge is being considered, but how banks entering insurance will be regulated is unanswered.

Currently, 10,000 state officials oversee insurance. Insurance regulation is—and has been for over 200 years—a state responsibility. However, a power grab by a federal bureaucracy—the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency (OCC)—is threatening to cancel state insurance regulatory authority.

Unless this states' right is protected, Congress someday will be forced to create a Federal Department of Insurance Regulation to oversee the $488 billion insurance industry—the largest industry exclusively state regulated.

It doesn't make sense in this era of returning power to states to allow the Comptroller—an unelected regulator—to preempt state laws and force Congress to create another federal agency to fill the void.

Americans don't want another federal bureaucracy. In a recent survey, nearly 83% of Americans said banks entering insurance should be regulated by the states.

Congress can preserve this states' right by adopting an affiliations bill with a functional regulation component that keeps insurance oversight power in the states' hands. It's that simple!

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very well conclude that on the specific highways where speed limits were raised, when other safety-related factors are controlled for, higher speed limits did coincide with increased injuries. But what is already certain is that the "health and safety" lobby was blowing smoke with its mantra of 6,400 more deaths.

Where, then, did the 6,400-deaths estimate come from? "That figure was a myth from the start," says Jim Baxter of the National Motorists Association. "Advocates of 55 simply ignored all contrary evidence on speed limits and safety." The speed-control lobby say they got the number from NHTSA. But in a memo on the subject, NHTSA says it "never issued a forecast on the impact of the repeal of [the 55 mph speed limit]. . . . Some groups have been attributing forecasts to the Department. The 6,400 deaths are *not* projections. The figure shows the magnitude of our highway safety problem—*if* we saw a 30 percent increase in fatalities." And NHTSA conceded that it could not "prove scientifically" that higher speed limits would cause a 30 percent increase in deaths. In other words, the figure was pure conjecture, an unrealistic high-end estimate—yet the speed-control lobby paraded it about as incontrovertible fact.

Moreover, even back in 1995, there was all sorts of contrary scientific evidence to refute the number. The Federal Highway Administration's own 1992 study of 100 sites in 22 states had found that "raising the posted speed limits did not increase accidents." More to the point, after 1987 when the speed limit was raised to 65 on some rural highways, fatalities on those roads actually fell from 2,700 to 2,500 per year.

Another member of the "speed kills" coalition making hysterical claims back in 1995 was the auto-insurance industry. Big companies like Geico, Hartford, and Kemper opposed repealing 55. The week before Bill Clinton (reluctantly) signed the higher speed limits into law, David F. Snyder, spokesman for the American Insurance Association, warned that they would "add $20 billion a year in costs to taxpayers and insurance policyholders." Just the opposite happened. Data obtained from the National Association of Independent Insurers shows that in 1996 auto-insurance premiums fell by 2 percent—the first decline in more than a decade. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that auto-insurance companies like Allstate have had banner profits this year—a performance hardly consistent with surging traffic accidents and claims.

One reason the fatality and accident rates have not risen with higher speed limits is that an estimated 70 percent of highway drivers routinely exceeded the 55 mph limit. The major effect of the 1974 oil-crisis-era speed limit (enacted, believe it or not, to save gas) was to create a nation of scofflaws. For the 20 years it was in effect, "double-nickel" was America's most openly disregarded law since Prohibition. It spawned whole new multi-million-dollar industries in CB radios and radar detectors or "fuzz busters." In the 1980s, Arizona and Maryland even lost federal highway money for their routine noncompliance with 55. In Montana the legislature, to protest the federal speed-limit law, imposed a $5.00 maximum penalty for speeding, which became a kind of toll for driving 75 mph across that barren 560-mile-long state. Legend has it that troopers, after issuing a $5.00 ticket, would tell drivers, "Hold on to that receipt, bud. It's good for the whole day."

So far the evidence suggests that Americans have not responded to higher speed limits by converting the highways into stretches of the Indianapolis 500. Average highway speeds have risen only by an estimated 2 mph on highways with the new limits. "The main issue for our members was simply having the right to drive at safe speeds *legally* and not have to worry constantly about getting pulled over," insists the National Motorists Association's Jim Baxter. Most American drivers would no doubt agree.

The speed-control freaks may not think that faster travel is worth the slightly greater risk of injury; but the vast majority of American motorists have indicated by their driving that they think it is. Besides, some of these same opponents of higher speed limits advocate raising Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) standards that push Americans into smaller, less safe cars and unarguably increase highway deaths. So much for the "sanctity of human life."

Especially out West where highways streak across endless, sparsely populated spaces, the tortoise pace of 55 mph became an irritating symbol of Washington's meddling. For most members of Congress, repealing the federal speed-limit law was strictly a freedom and federalism issue. For once, states' rights prevailed.

The health-and-safety fanatics lost because, as Rep. Bud Shuster, head of the House Transportation Committee and himself an opponent of higher speed limits, put it, "They had no credibility, with their wild statements." So now that the "consumer advocates" have been proven wrong, have they recanted their claims? Hardly. When informed of the improved highway-safety record and asked to account for her prediction of 6,400 deaths, Judith Stone told *USA Today*, "We never said it was going to happen overnight." She seemed almost disappointed.

Stephen Moore is director of fiscal policy studies at the Cato Institute.

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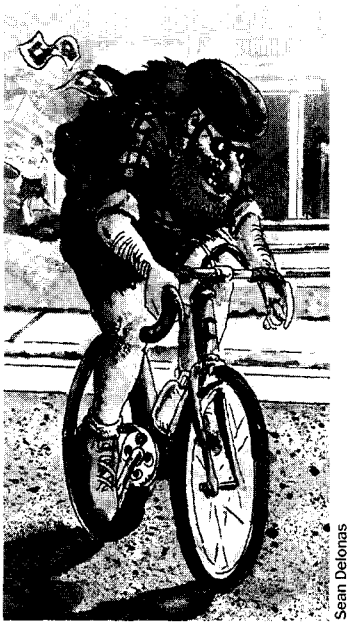
The Rise of the Latte Town

By David Brooks

I'm holding up traffic. I'm walking down the street in Burlington, Vermont, and I come to a corner and see a car approaching, so I stop. The car stops. Meanwhile, I've been distracted by some hippies playing Frisbee in the park, and I stand there daydreaming for what must be 15 or 20 seconds. The car waits.

In a normal city, cars roll through these situations; if they see an opening, they take it. But this is Burlington, one of the most socially enlightened cities in America, and drivers here are aware that America has degenerated into a car-obsessed culture, where developers pave over paradise to put up parking lots; where driving threatens to crush the natural rhythms of foot traffic and face-to-face community with superhighways and arid suburbia; where fossil-fuel-burning machines choke the air and displace the renewable energy sources of human locomotion. This driver knows that while sitting behind the wheel, he is ethically inferior to a pedestrian like me. And to demonstrate his civic ideals, he is going to make damn sure that I get the right of way. No matter how long it takes.



Sean Delonas

Finally, he honks politely, and I wake up from my reverie and belatedly cross the street. But by the time I reach the next corner, I'm lost in my thoughts again and, seeing a car coming, I stop. This car stops too. And waits. I have to go through this ritual about a dozen times before I finally adapt to local mores and trudge straight into the intersections. In Burlington, pedestrians have inherited the earth. Social enlightenment rules.

Burlington is a Latte Town.

Latte Towns—the term is Alan Ehrenhalt's—are upscale liberal communities, often in magnificent natural settings, often university-based, that have become the gestation centers for America's new upscale culture. They are the birthplaces of the coffee shops, gourmet bread stores, micro-breweries, organic grocery stores, and the rest of the sensibility-drenched enterprises that marry natural goodness, high craftsmanship, cosmopolitan taste, social concern, and inflated prices to create a 1990s version of genteel culture. Boulder, Colorado, is a Latte Town, as are Madison, Wisconsin; Napa, California; Northampton, Massachusetts; Missoula, Montana; Wilmington, North Carolina; Ithaca, New York; and on and on. You know you're in a Latte Town when you can hop right off a bike path, browse in a used bookstore with shelves and shelves of tomes on Marxism the owner can no longer get rid of, and then drink coffee at a place with a punnish name that must have the word "Grounds" in it, before sauntering through an African drum store or a feminist lingerie shop.

The ideal Latte Town has a Swedish-style government, German-style pedestrian malls, Victorian houses, Native American crafts, Berkeley human-rights groups, and Beverly Hills income levels. There should be some abandoned industrial mills that can be converted into lofts, software startups, and organic-brownie factories. The Latte Town in Utopia would have Rocky Mountain views to the west, Redwood forests downtown, a New England lake along the waterfront, and a major city with a really good alternative weekly within a few hours' drive.

For most of this century, writers on the left have portrayed small cities as stifling enclaves of Babbittry and reaction, but today they are seen as refreshing oases from commercialized mass society—potential centers of community and local activism. For years, progressives have condemned white flight, but now they've created Liberal Flight, in which socially concerned families and individuals leave the urban world for pastoral, predominantly white communities (in

David Brooks is a senior editor of The Weekly Standard.

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Burlington, minorities make up only 2.6 percent of the work force) that feature low crime rates, low illegitimacy rates, high educational levels, and phenomenally low unemployment rates. In these places they can enjoy the beauties of nature and thriving local artistic communities, all in a setting that's on a human scale.

To take a stroll down the pedestrian mall in Burlington, for example, you start at Leunig's, the indoor/outdoor bistro where some of the local businessmen gather for breakfast each morning in their Timberland shoes, collarless shirts, and jeans. An executive with flowing gray hair is chatting amiably with another who sports a Jerry Garcia beard, their cell phones tucked into their black canvas briefcases. The Birkenstock sandal store around the corner has a sign in the window pointing out that its wares make nice corporate gifts.

As you stroll up the street, you see young parents pushing the all-terrain baby carriages popular with the outdoors set (*Outside* magazine rated Burlington its Dream Town, while Zero Population Growth, the *Nation*, and the *Utne Reader* rated it among the best American communities). Ann Taylor is cheek by jowl with the Peace and Justice Store, a perfect example of how affluent fashion now cohabits effortlessly with hippie enterprise. The pedestrian mall is lined with upscale candy, muffin, and ice-cream stores; the locals don't go in for big luxury items, but they consider little luxuries essential to the art of living. There are any number of stores with playful names like Madhatter and Muddy Waters. Ironic allusions and ostentatious wordplay are key ingredients to the Latte Town sensibility, where people are not shy about showing off their cultural literacy (the University of Vermont sits on the hill in Burlington, looking down on the commercial center and Lake Champlain beyond).

The furniture, fashion, and furnishings stores are confronted by a common problem: How to manufacture and sell superficial items for consumers who want everyone to know about their psychological and spiritual depth? Wind chimes and Inuit art seem popular. At Burlington's many high-minded toy stores—Discovery Toys, Learning Materials Workshop, Timeless Toys, Toys by Nature, Learning Quest—you can stock up on children's playthings that are developmental, whimsical, and nonviolent all at the same time. And if you walk into one of the many home-furnishing stores, you see that the Latte Town elite has transformed the old Protestant elite's animal motifs. Artwork featuring hunting-related creatures like stags, hounds, and ducks is out; artwork featuring nonthreatening animals like cats, frogs, and small birds is in. Cows, which are fashionably unglamorous and also pacifist, are quite chic, having been adopted as the corporate symbol not only by Burlington's hometown company, Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream, but also by low-key, homey companies nationwide, like Gateway 2000 Computers.

Latte Towns have developed their own sumptuary code, which is now spreading to all the places in America with high NPR listenerships. The code is based on a distinction between needs and wants. Needs are things we must have to survive, like shelter, food, clothing, and exercise. Wants are those things we desire to make us feel superior to others. The genius of the code of Financial Correctness that prevails in Latte Towns is that you can spend as much as you want on needs, so long as you are not ostentatious when you spend on wants. Thus, you can shell out $50,000 on your kitchen and 25 grand on each of your bathrooms, because these are associated with absolute physical needs, but it would be vulgar to spend even $5,000 on an in-home media center, because that is a mere want. You can drop $4,400 on a Merlin Extralite road bike at the local cycle shop, because man must exercise, but it would be vulgar to have a powerboat, because while man needs to move around, he doesn't need motors to propel him. The entire rural population of America can be divided between those who are Motor (powerboats, motorcycles, snowmobiles) and those who are Non-motor (canoes, mountain bikes, cross-country skis). Latte Town people are Non-motor.

There are a number of fine bookstores in Burlington, of course. You can't get the *New Republic* at any of them (THE WEEKLY STANDARD would be unthinkable), but you can browse through *Curve*, a wonderfully titled lesbian magazine, or any number of French glamour journals while listening to World Music or New Age disks like "Wolf Solitudes" on headphones provided by the store to sell CDs. The sections right at the front, which presumably do the most business, are Sex, Psychology, Food, Ethnic Studies (which is mostly books about women), and Alternative Lifestyles (80 percent about gay issues). And this does seem to be a pretty accurate reflection of local priorities.

One of the striking things about Burlington is that it is relatively apolitical. The bookstores carry some titles on politics, but the current-affairs sections tend to be tucked away in the back. I saw but three political bumper stickers during the week I was there, two that read "Bernie" for the local socialist congressman, Bernie Sanders, and one, on a pickup truck on the outskirts of town, that read "Rush." Bulletin boards are everywhere, but most of the fliers advertise rock bands, not rallies. One of the books featured in the most fashionable of the local bookstores was called

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Fifty-four Ways to Help the Homeless. Only one of them is government-related—No. 52, "Write your congressperson"—while the rest are various forms of local and direct action individuals can take, such as volunteering at soup kitchens.

In this sense, Latte Towns represent a fundamental transformation in the American Left, the shift from the adversary culture to the alternative culture. Through most of the century, left-wing intellectuals have focused their energies on urban and national politics that supported macropolitical changes: the New Deal, the antiwar movement, the Great Society, the civil-rights movement, and the other grand aspirations. But it's tough to be a white liberal in city politics in the age of Louis Farrakhan, Al Sharpton, Marion Barry, and Maxine Waters. It's tough for highbrows to form an alliance with the proletariat if highbrow heroes are Anita Hill and Robert Mapplethorpe while the working class worships Mike Ditka, Garth Brooks, and Pat Buchanan. It's tough to rest your liberal hopes on Washington when you've got Newt Gingrich's Republicans at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue and a spineless centrist like Bill Clinton at the other.

So these upscale liberals have retreated from national and urban politics and instead concentrated their energies on the local politics and small-scale activism to be found in the Latte Towns. No longer do highbrow lefties place much emphasis on grand confrontations like strikes (there are no major blue-collar employers in places like Burlington), or rallies against the establishment (in Burlington, the establishment is socialist), or ideological combat (there are virtually no conservatives in Burlington to rally against). Instead, the Latte Towns represent an archipelago of progressivism that doesn't seek to confront or transform national politics, just to offer an alternative to it. Progressives can escape to a place where the mayors and town councilmen are progressive, where gay and feminist concerns are at the top of everyone's agenda, where liberalism is a dominant lifestyle as well as the unchallenged ideology, and where social concern takes the form of concrete activism. So maybe the great American culture war doesn't end with a big showdown, just with people sorting themselves out geographically and settling down to their own communities (while smugly condescending towards all the others).

Burlington does boast a phenomenally busy public square—arts councils, school-to-work collaboratives, environmental groups, preservation groups, community-supported agriculture, anti-development groups, and ad-hoc activist groups (currently, the local bookstores are gathering petitions to keep a Borders bookstore from moving in). The result is an interesting mixture of liberal social concern and paleoconservative effort to ward off encroaching modernism. Like the paleocons, the Latte Town elites seek to preserve old buildings and old communities and reduce the creative destruction of capitalism. Ithaca has even devised a form of local protectionism. It is called Ithaca Hours,

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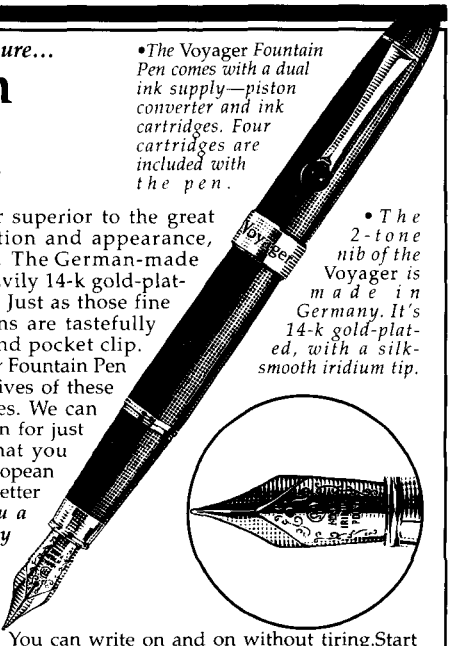

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a separate currency that is valid only within a 20-mile radius of downtown. In theory, the currency is redeemable in volunteer time, but the 20-mile limit helps protect local stores from out-of-town competition.

The busy public square is one of the features that draw people. A Latte Townie would rather spend less time in the private sphere of his home and one-acre yard and more time in the common areas. If you compare Latte Towns with the towns featured in, say, *Money* magazine's "Best Places to Live" issue, you notice that Latte Townies devote more time to community activism, while the *Money* magazine towns are much more oriented toward family. Latte Towns are more likely to have large gay populations, childless people who can spend more time outside the home. And they are awash with recent college graduates, who seem to float from Latte Town to Latte Town—Burlington in the summer, Boulder in the winter—waitressing and bartending as they go, and happily hanging out in their spare time in the common areas. And while everyone is pro-family these days, there is a coherent case to be made that a suburban life of isolated domesticity overburdens the family, and that an active public square allows people to get out more, thus depressurizing families and making them more stable.

WALDEN, IN ITS OWN WAY, IS A BUSINESS BOOK. THOREAU IS ALWAYS TALLYING UP HIS EXPENSES AND BOASTING OF TURNING FRUGALITY INTO A PROFIT.

But the most striking thing about Latte Towns is that, left-wing havens though they are, they are also fantastic places to do business. Towns like Napa are wine centers, Oregon and Washington state have software, university towns have everything from biotech to carpentry, and Burlington is a thriving commercial hub. Ben & Jerry's, the most famous company in town, is not even among Burlington's 20 largest employers. IBM has a facility here, as do General Dynamics, GE, Bank of Vermont, and Blodgett Holdings. And business is chic in Burlington. There are four local business publications that heavily cover the town. Sometimes you can read two or three sentences in a row in these publications before some executive says something about the need for businesses to practice socially responsible investing.

I was sitting at an outside table at Leunig's one day, eating lunch, counting the total number of earrings my waitress had on her ears, nose, lips, and bellybutton (19, I think), and trying to read Thoreau's *Walden* on the "when in Rome" principle. But I kept getting distracted by an aging hippie at the next table who would not shut up about zero-based budgeting and the differences between preferred and common stock. Gray-pony-tailed and scruffy, he was lecturing like a professor at the Harvard Business School to a young Woodstock wannabe in granny glasses and a peasant dress. She was taking notes on a yellow legal pad, and intermittently they would digress and talk about some bookkeeping practice or management technique they could adopt at their own company. And it has to be said that the aging hippie knew what he was talking about: His description of the capital markets was precise, clear, and knowledgeable.

It occurred to me as I was bouncing back between Thoreau and this conversation that *Walden* is, in its own way, a business book. Thoreau is constantly tallying up his expenses, and when he can turn his frugality into a profit, he's not shy about boasting of his accomplishment. So maybe it's not surprising that the 1960s-era rebels who once lived on communes named Walden would, in the fullness of time, discover that business can be converted into a spiritually satisfying lifestyle. (In the final tally on the 1960s, Marx and Marcuse are losers; Thoreau, Robert Nisbet, and Jane Jacobs are winners.) Even the recluse of Walden Pond would be a bit taken aback by how avidly the tree-hugging set has gone for the corporate culture.

Just as conservatives are sensitive about being called greedy, liberals are sensitive about being called mushy. Becoming a businessman is one way for a liberal to show he is actually a hard-headed, practical person, not just a mung-bean-eating dreamer. So the aging hippies throw around business terms with a frisson of self-gratification.

To be a Burlington mogul, you've got to remember that business is not about making money; it's about doing something you love. Life should be an extended hobby. (This is true for most highly educated Americans, but if you are in Burlington, you have to keep reminding everybody of this fact.) Moreover, business, which was once considered soul-destroying, can actually be quite enriching if you turn your profession into a craft with natural products like, say, apples and transform them through old-fashioned artisanship into wholesome products like cider. In your packaging you can exercise high aesthetic judgment, employing cutting-edge graphic design to give your product a cosmopolitan feel. If you own a restaurant or an inn or

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a café, you can transform your business into a node of civil society, a meeting place with books and magazines and toys, where people can come to form a community.

Many of the inhabitants of Burlington probably suffer from Sixties Amnesia; they have repressed the memory of exactly how radical they were in 1968. But even many who fess up to their youthful infatuation with Mao are now discovering that the collectivist and holistic ideas that seemed so anti-capitalist in the sixties actually jibe with current management theory. The Burlington mogul seeks to flatten hierarchies within his company, reduce bureaucracy, upend technocratic thinking, empower workers up and down the line, foster teamwork, call frequent meetings at which employees from top to bottom are asked for their ideas and input, and generally reduce social distinctions between bosses and workers. This is exactly what High Republican businessmen are trying to do these days. Emma Goldman would have made a great corporate vice president.

The Couple's Business Guide, a featured book at the Burlington bookstores, features 10 pairs who gave up careers in places like New York and Boston and moved up to Vermont and started making and selling things like Positively Peach Fruit Sauce, Summer Glory Vinegar, and Putney Pasta. These are Horatio Alger stories for the Alger Hiss set. The typical case study in this book starts out with a highly educated twosome disenchanted with their fast-lane urban lifestyle. They have a dream—to make the best jasmine bread in the world—so they move up to the Green Mountains and work slavishly to perfect their recipe. Then they discover how hard it is to market their product. But after five years of toil and tribulation, they have revenues of $5 million a year. Now they can rest on the veranda of their refurbished Victorian cottage with their lovely children, Dylan and Joplin, and savor the turning of the seasons.

George McGovern himself bought a New England Bed and Breakfast after giving up on politics, so perhaps it's inevitable that up here the man in the gray flannel suit should be replaced by the man in the weather-beaten clogs. Ben and Jerry, the ice-cream mavens, represent the quintessence of Latte Town capitalism, and you can't go anywhere in Burlington without seeing an image of their two faces staring down at you, like a couple of scruffy Big Brothers. They've got a new book out, *Ben & Jerry's Double Dip: Lead with Your Values and Make Money, Too*, and like everything else associated with them, it is being flogged voraciously. In the book, they reveal themselves to be as sincere and playful, and as insufferably self-righteous and smug, as most people suspect. Like many members of their generation, they seem to think they invented everything. Companies have been mixing capitalism with a strong sense of social mission for centuries, but ignorant of all that, Ben and Jerry consider themselves the pioneers of this idea. And they are remarkably easy on themselves; they never seem to ask themselves sternly what gets lost when you wear compassion on your sleeve and turn it into a marketing gimmick. They never seem to wonder why a company that preaches collectivism and teamwork has a marketing strategy based on the glorification of its two Maximum Leaders.

Nonetheless, they do qualify as paradigm-shifting pioneers in one sense. They were among those who made a crucial discovery, a discovery that is at the heart of the Latte Town success: They discovered that the anti-capitalist ethos of the 1960s can be converted into an efficient capitalist ethos for the 1990s and beyond.

The trick of capitalism is that you've got to induce people to work hard and take financial risks, yet also restrain themselves so the wealth that flows from all this work doesn't make them self-indulgent and decadent. The Protestant work ethic famously achieved this, encouraging people to become wealthy yet deterring them from enjoying their wealth so much as to become corrupt and flabby. The 17th-century Dutch piled up mounds of gold, but were relatively self-restrained, and always on the lookout for signs that they were becoming overly sensuous and immoral. In this country, everyone from Benjamin Franklin to Sam Walton has practiced a similar balancing act between enterprise and self-restraint. But the Protestant ethic has been in decline for at least a century and was finished off in many places by the sixties radicals who now live in Burlington.

MANY OF THE RESIDENTS OF BURLINGTON SUFFER FROM SIXTIES AMNESIA: THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW RADICAL THEY WERE IN 1968.

In his 1976 book *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism,* Daniel Bell foresaw a world in which self-restraint had become extinct. He located two primary culprits: first the culture of modernism, which sought to destroy order, convention, and tradition for the sake of sensation and liberation; and second, capitalism's need to stoke ever greater levels of consumption. Once you had massive consumer credit without shame, then

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people discovered that consuming was more fun than self-restraint, and so they would more and more live for the pleasures of the moment. Hedonism trumps frugality, display replaces modesty. "The culture was no longer concerned with how to work and achieve, but with how to spend and enjoy," Bell wrote. In the 1970s, Bell saw antinomianism all around him, and his thesis struck a chord with many.

Well, antinomianism never hit many places in America, like the evangelical Christian communities. But even where it was strongest, among people who now live in Burlington, it hasn't in fact led to perpetual rebellion against order, unabashed hedonism, or unrestrained self-expression. On the contrary, the denizens of the Latte Towns are remarkably restrained and have become hard-working capitalists oriented toward the long term. Ken Kesey hedonism is gone and forgotten; Ben & Jerry's capitalism is what you see on the streets of Burlington these days.

The locals are not much restrained by the old puritanical or Protestant code. Instead, they have constructed their own ethos of environmentalism, healthism, and egalitarianism that makes it bad form to spend money lavishly or live ostentatiously. If they believe in nothing else, they believe that you shouldn't damage your own body, which means that drinking, drugs, and carousing are out. Coffee shops replace bars. Self-disciplined activities like jogging and cycling are in; by working out, these people have reduced even leisure to a form of self-control.

They also believe in living modestly with nature. Their homes may be expensive, but they are not lavish. They still think of themselves as avant-garde and still cling to the trappings of radicalism—tie-dyed shirts, long hair—but these days, the avant-garde artist is living a stable, almost bourgeois, life. He may think left, but he lives right. The Latte Liberals emphasize quietude and living in harmony with the environment, not the grandiose or Faustian or Dionysian passions. And though they are wealthy, they still associate elitism and affluence with immorality, so the richest of them dress in cheap T-shirts and jeans. If you go through the local clothing stores, you notice that all the fashionable colors are faded browns and faded greens and faded blues, as if even vibrant coloration would be decadent. Even as their incomes shoot up, their radically egalitarian sensibilities remain in place. The Latte Towns have resolved the cultural contradictions of capitalism.

The 1960s unleashed wild liberationist forces into American society, but the liberationist antinomianism has faded away and the quiet communitarian side of the 1960s is now dominant. Free love is gone, but whole-grain pizza is still around. And the rise of Latte Town businesses has relegitimized capitalism among the very people who were its most ardent (and last remaining) critics. It has also moderated the Left's political radicalism. If a conservative is a liberal who has been mugged, an independent is a former leftist who's been hit by a workplace-discrimination suit.

Latte Towns may in the end be too insular and uninspiring for most people, and too squishy in their politics and too romantic in their view of human nature. But they have created an ethos that provides at least one solution to the perpetual American dilemma: How to be good while also being rich, how to be virtuous while being ambitious. Any local culture that can do that will thrive, and spread. ♦

LEFTOVERS GONE BAD

Sixties Radicals, Running Afoul of the Law

By Matt Labash

It seems so gloriously square now—all those raw, vital innocents with their flared-nostril manifestoes like the Port Huron Statement, modestly composed in an effort to change "the conditions of humanity in the late twentieth century." It's been a tough haul ever since for those who suckled on New Left cant. By now the aging student radical is used to disappointment: Over the years, movement superstars have turned on themselves (Abbie Hoffman ingesting alcohol and 150 phenobarbital), have turned on one

Matt Labash is a staff writer for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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another (Huey Newton sodomizing Bobby Seale with a bullwhip), and have turned into Republicans (Eldridge Cleaver after marketing jeans with sewn-in codpieces).

Others withered bootlessly in prison on drug charges, on the lam for murderous protests, or in a centrist Clinton administration. Then there were the better-adjusted, who got down to the practical business of living, retaining their ideals as they burrowed into city governments, student ghettoes, and progressive business ventures. They may have lost their leaders and their ideological influence even in traditionally liberal, urban bulwarks, but they could find solace in their possession of the one thing others could never have as much of—unimpeachable intent. That, they had in spades, they'd remind us, settling into lives of not-so-quiet declaration. Or so it once seemed. But as exemplified this summer by three former repositories of liberal-activist virtue who've run afoul of the law (and in one case run from it), this last asset of the insolvent is in mercilessly short supply.

MICHAEL ANSARA'S OUTFIT PROVIDES—HOLD ON TO YOUR LUNCHES—"A NEW MEANING FOR THE BUSINESS ETHIC: TELEMARKETING WITH A CONSCIENCE."

Chicago alderman Lawrence Bloom was a clean man—so clean, the papers called him "Mr. Clean," when they weren't calling him "a goody-two-shoes in a rack of mud-splattered brogans." The career of Bloom, who teethed on the late-'60s student-activist movements, struck a chaste contrast to that of his colleagues on the city council, nearly two dozen of whom have faced corruption charges since the '70s. Bloom was first elected in 1979 to represent the 5th ward (the Hyde Park/University of Chicago area). As such, he was the first '60s heir to the Lakefront Liberals—the bloc of independent Democrats who raged against Mayor Richard J. Daley's corrosive machine. Bloom followed suit, becoming the scourge of Daley's son and namesake, once the city's chief prosecutor and now its mayor. Decrying Chicago's proud tradition of patronage, Bloom has criticized Daley over the years for using bond work to reward friends and keeping campaign workers on his payroll, and he prophesied that Daley's legalized-gambling proposal would lead to "payoffs and corruption."

Representing his largely black ward, Bloom busied himself with higher-minded municipal pursuits, like trying to force a private company to adopt the city's affirmative-action laws. When he recently departed from the city council and returned to his law practice, Bloom boasted that he "traveled alone and without fear," facing off with sitting mayors, influential developers, and the taxicab monopoly.

He can now add to that list a federal grand jury, which this July handed down a 14-count indictment of Mr. Clean that included mail fraud, extortion, money laundering, and tax violations.

Among the highlights stemming from the government's undercover investigation called "Operation Silver Shovel," Bloom allegedly extorted bribes totaling $16,000, bilked taxpayers out of $288,000 in two separate fraud schemes, and frequently consorted with known criminal and formerly unknown government mole John Christopher, who was thoughtful enough to wear a wire during many of their conversations.

Fortunately for Bloom, he is innocent—at least, that's how he's pleading. It seems he was "mugged" by the government, which attempted "to induce the commission of a crime." While the inducing is disputable, Bloom appears to have fulfilled his aldermanic duties on the "commission of a crime" end of things.

Staying out of prison was the only inducement Boston's Michael Ansara needed to turn cooperating witness this summer in a grand-jury probe of a money-funneling scheme that helped swing the Teamsters presidency for Ron Carey last year. The founder of Harvard's Students for a Democratic Society in the '60s, Ansara had subsequently (in his own words) "become less of a Marxist, but more angry." And there was much to be angry about, like the "advanced capitalism and . . . market mentality that does warp us," as well as the constant struggle to balance personal values "with the business of making money"—which he's made plenty of, despite his conflicted innards.

Inc. magazine recently ranked the Share Group, the lifetime activist's telemarketing organization, as one of the fastest growing companies in the country. It isn't, however, your average greedhead endeavor. Ansara's outfit provides—hold on to your lunches—"a new meaning for the business ethic: Telemarketing with a conscience," in the words of the *Boston Globe*. Representing only progressive nonprofits and socially responsible companies—from environmental groups to the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League to the DNC—the Share Group cites its "clients' values" as the key to its success.

That, and the union kickbacks. In a scheme designed to move money illegally from the Teamsters' general fund into Ron Carey's reelection campaign against James Hoffa Jr., FBI investigators discovered,

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the Teamsters paid Ansara $97,175 to make nearly 150,000 get-out-the-vote calls for congressional Democrats last fall. Martin Davis, a consultant for both Carey and the DNC who has now been charged with mail fraud, asked Ansara to "lose some of the calls," providing surplus profits Ansara funneled to his wife, Barbara Arnold. She then wrote a $95,000 check to the Teamsters for a Corruption-Free Union, which pumped the funds to Davis's direct-mail firm, which, in turn, pumped out a million pro-Carey fliers to coincide with election ballots. Carey subsequently beat Hoffa by fewer than 17,000 votes, and his victory has now been overturned partly because of these revelations.

Additionally, investigators allege, to reimburse Barbara Arnold for the shortfall not covered by the original transaction, Ansara was paid $75,000 for services he never performed by Citizen Action, an environmental/consumer watchdog group he helped found (and one riddled with its own unrelated corruption allegations). Citizen Action's $75,000 kickback was carved out of the $475,000 the Teamsters ostensibly paid it for independent expenditures on behalf of Democrats (legally), though the funds were actually moving circuitously from the general union fund to the Carey kitty (illegally).

EINHORN WAS DEVOTED ONLY TO NIETZSCHEAN ELASTICITY, WHICH CLEARED HIM TO BE A MOOCH, TO DEAL DRUGS, AND TO BED COEDS.

To deflect culpability, Ansara's wife cited her "long history of involvement with social justice causes," saying she just wanted to assist Carey as he cleaned up the Teamsters' image. Though Ansara admitted he was "guilty of tremendous lapses of judgment that violate principles that have guided me in my life," he, too, just wanted to see the Teamsters scrubbed up under the progressive reformer Carey—no matter how much money he had to launder to do it. (Carey, who's also been called "Mr. Clean," has had to return 10 percent of his campaign take because of illegal contributions.)

Nobody ever called Ira Einhorn "Mr. Clean." As Philadelphia's über-Hippie, the founder of Earth Day, and a counterculture Zelig, the pony-tailed, brillo-bearded Einhorn was known for his erudition, charisma—and body odor. A truly free spirit, Einhorn was devoted only to Nietzschean elasticity, unshackling himself from slave-herd morality, which cleared him to be a world-class mooch, to deal drugs, and to bed coeds in his perpetual grad-student orbit at the clip of a hippie Wilt Chamberlain.

Since "earning a living was an old form," he busied himself holding Be-Ins and Smoke-Ins and 20-hour reading bouts, composing bad poetry and unreadable screeds, taking surgical anesthetics for pleasure, entertaining houseguests in the raw (his raiment of choice as host), teaching courses like "Politics and Dada" at the University of Pennsylvania's Free University, and priming easily impressed, easily confused trollops with hot blasts of Nietzsche, Marshall McLuhan, and Marcuse. His first love, however, was contemplating and cultivating himself—all else, he wrote, "has become ephemeral and illusory."

Though he never achieved critical mass nationally, Einhorn still made all the right stops: Esalen, La Honda with Ken Kesey, and sleepovers at Jerry Rubin's. An early espouser of environmentalism, non-violence, and other do-goodnik boilerplate, he began to outpace the movement by the '70s. He always seemed to arrive two beats ahead of what would follow. Increasingly obsessed with the paranormal (he was a champion of Uri Geller), New Age stirrings, psychotronic weaponry, and management guruism (still in its embryonic stages), Einhorn built an impressive network of movers willing to heed, or more important, subsidize him. He attracted attention from the likes of futurist Alvin Toffler and the Bronfman family (as in the Seagram Liquor Bronfmans), and it was not unusual to find Main Line denizens and GE and Bell Telephone executives huddled around Einhorn's smelly feet in his apartment, getting contact buzzes from their zeitgeist windsock.

This arrangement nearly came to an end in 1977, however, when Einhorn's longtime girlfriend, Holly Maddux, disappeared after one of their myriad fights. Since he abused and cheated on her throughout their relationship, and since she was about to take up with another man, Einhorn was suspected by her family and investigators of murdering Holly. He denied it, however, and continued to prosper, becoming a fellow at Harvard's Kennedy School, conducting a national Sun Day observance for which he was celebrated as a reincarnated Thoreau, and entertaining in his bohemian enclave—stitchless as a newborn, of course.

There was, unfortunately, the problem of the stench emanating from his residence, along with the brown goo seeping into the apartment beneath his. By 1979, the airwicks couldn't preserve Einhorn's alibi when a detective opened a steamer trunk in his closet and found Holly Maddux in a fetal tuck, down to 37

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pounds of mummified leather, with 10 to 12 skull fractures and holes so gaping, the coroner couldn't tell how many times she'd been struck.

Einhorn claimed he had been framed by the CIA and/or KGB, while community pillars vouched for him as character witnesses, including an Episcopal bishop who had put him on the diocese payroll so Einhorn could educate him on Marxism and youth culture. Released on $40,000 bail while awaiting trial (future senator Arlen Specter was one of his early attorneys), he did what any hippie guru framed by two intelligence agencies would do: He skipped town.

Spotted over time in Dublin, Wales, and Stockholm, Einhorn always evaded officials either through extradition restrictions or from friendly tip-offs (Barbara Bronfman, ex-wife of liquor scion Charles, continued to fund him until 1988), even after a Philadelphia judge convicted him in absentia of murder and sentenced him to life in 1993. But this June, Einhorn finally turned up in the most obvious place, a place where a Raskolnikovian American has-been of great pretense and suspect hygiene could make a go of it: France.

His wealthy Swedish wife blew his cover by applying for a driver's license, enabling authorities to arrest a still-naked Einhorn in Champagne-Mouton, a bucolic paradise 240 miles south of Paris. Einhorn lived in a converted mill set against streams and flowered hillsides, where he grew strawberries and marijuana, and mentored a small band of French no-nukesters who called themselves, as only the French would dare, "Baba Cool" (Cool Daddies). Einhorn, in turn, was deemed the "Vieux Baba Cool" (Old Cool Daddy), and like him, his protégés didn't seem terribly bothered by his past. "He didn't chop my head off," said one Baba Cool. Nor did he Holly's—just caved it in.

Author Steven Levy discovered some years ago after poring through Einhorn's journals that his murderous impulse wasn't an anomaly. When another relationship was going south, Einhorn wrote: "There is a good chance that I will attempt to kill Judy tomorrow—the rational awareness of this fact brings stark terror into my heart but it must be faced if I wish to go on—I must not allow myself to deviate from the self-knowledge which is in the process of being uncovered!" And such is the virus infecting so many ideological hacks, but with a particularly virulent strain plaguing '60s Leftovers: Almost any violation of high ideals can be rationalized as long as it is an exercise in personal growth or a transgression in the service of even higher ideals. (Einhorn, by the way, did not kill Judy—though he did hit her over the head with a Coke bottle and attempt to strangle her, after which he wrote a poem about it.)

His recent arrest hasn't seen him lose heart, friends say. He remains optimistic, stubbornly clinging to the values that have sustained him: those of self-justification in the face of unjustifiably egregious behavior—perhaps the same "values" Michael Ansara's company's promotional literature assures us "aren't for show. We live them every day." Einhorn still maintains his innocence and is fighting extradition on grounds that he couldn't attend his trial. It's an excuse as salable as the rest. He was, after all, a fugitive. ♦

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How To Win the Education Fight

Minnesota's Arne Carlson Points the Way

By Major Garrett

This fall, the nation will hear the opening shot in a battle over education. President Clinton will unveil a plan that will sound new, but that will, in fact, be the same, stale, statist approach that the education establishment has foisted on the taxpayers for more than a generation.

This time, though, Republicans should be ready. They should relish a brawl over education. They can study a game plan executed to perfection by one of their own, a plan that galvanized public support, overwhelmed a Democratic legislature, and defeated the fearsome teachers' unions.

And it happened in—of all places—Minnesota. Not Alabama, or Montana, or New Hampshire, but a state whose devotion to union-dominated public education is legendary. Republican governor Arne Carlson led a shrewd campaign for reform, inducing the majority Democrats to go along—with union lobbyists screaming in their faces in the hallways.

On June 25 of this year, the legislature approved a two-year package of tax cuts valued at $160 million. These breaks will give the poor and middle class more money to spend on private education, home computers, tutors, and summer education camps.

As with many tax plans, this one has a few wrinkles. The essence of it is a $1,000 refundable tax credit for families earning less than $33,500 per year. The governor originally sought the use of these credits for all education expenses, including private-school tuition. But Democrats refused, and Carlson agreed to exempt tuition from the tax credits.

The governor also more than doubled tax deductions for school-age children. Now parents can claim an annual deduction between $1,625 and $2,500 each year, depending on the child's age. These deductions, available to taxpayers of any income bracket, may be used for private-school tuition.

As for that apparent concession on tax credits and tuition, Carlson agreed only after one of his top aides, Todd Johnson, persuaded him that allowing the credits for expenses related to "instructional materials," transportation, and book purchases could accomplish many of the same goals. In negotiations with Democrats, it was clear they were willing to swallow 90 percent of the governor's plan, but only if they could save face by preventing those of modest income from using tax credits for tuition.

Johnson showed Carlson how private schools could easily shift their accounting to use the credits for approved purposes, thereby offsetting tuition costs. He knew this because he sat on the board of a Lutheran church whose school his two boys attend.

Democrats comforted themselves by crowing about Carlson's "retreat" on the issue of tuition. But education lobbyists knew better. "It's a travesty," Cheryl Furrer of the Minnesota Education Association told the *Minneapolis Star Tribune*. "We've certainly opened the floodgates on private- and religious-school funding."

What the education lobby found particularly appalling was that the Carlson plan won the support of a majority of Democrats in both legislative chambers, including House speaker Phil Carruthers and Senate majority leader Roger Moe. "People are becoming discontented with the status quo," says Republican state representative LeRoy Koppendrayer, the original sponsor of Carlson's plan. "The good that is going to come out of this is that the teachers' unions and the system now must change. The old methods are going to disappear. People used to say, 'Other school districts are hurting, but mine is okay.' They're not saying that anymore."

"I think the Republican party has a tremendous opportunity to create a new message on education that stresses opportunity," says Carlson. "We should adopt the philosophy that every child will be given the chance to succeed. I think it is a moral argument. I want to put it on a moral plane."

Carlson will be in Washington this week to spread

Major Garrett, a Washington, D.C., reporter, last wrote for The Weekly Standard *about campaign-finance reform.*

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the gospel of school choice and rouse Republicans for the coming fight with Clinton and Hill Democrats over federal education funding. Sen. Paul Coverdell, Republican of Georgia, has furthered debate by authoring legislation to create Individual Retirement Accounts for K-12 expenses. His plan would allow parents, grandparents, and scholarship sponsors to save up to $2,000 annually in after-tax income in separate accounts. Interest would accrue tax-free as long as the savings were used to defray educational expenses.

Coverdell first proposed this idea in the waning hours of debate on the budget bill. He caught many Democrats off-guard, and the Senate approved the amendment 59-41. With some prodding, House speaker Newt Gingrich and majority leader Trent Lott agreed to keep the Coverdell amendment in the Republican budget set before Clinton as negotiations began on the final product. Only after Clinton signed a letter vowing to veto the entire budget if the Coverdell language remained did GOP leaders relent. Now Gingrich and Lott are co-sponsors of a new version of Coverdell's bill, which will be introduced and voted on in both chambers before adjournment this fall.

Coverdell concedes that his idea is far less revolutionary than Carlson's, and he would prefer the more direct financial benefits that tax breaks would provide. The Senate Finance Committee estimates the cost of a nationalized Carlson plan to be $25 billion annually. Coverdell's K-12 IRAs, however, cost just $1 billion per year. "It's strictly the financial pressure and a pragmatic view of what we've been up against," Coverdell says. "We're doing this to achieve a breakthrough. There is a dose of realism with what we're trying to do. We can force the status quo a step backwards with this debate. Which is why [the teachers' unions] are fighting it so viciously."

A vicious fight is what Republicans must expect. But Carlson's experience does point the way to victory—provided that those who try to emulate him share his single-minded determination to confront and thwart the teachers' unions.

In Carlson's view, "The National Education Association is not an association. It's a union. It's really a cartel. They are a monopoly, and we really should not be surprised at the results of a monopoly. Their agenda is not the children's agenda." He continues, "When I sought to change the system, they said 'We oppose everything.' It was arbitrary and knee-jerk. Everything was *nyet*, *nyet*, *nyet*. Like Khrushchev."

So, how did he do it? As is often the case—in politics and in life—the seeds of victory were sown in defeat. In 1995, the governor offered a school-voucher plan and saw it smothered in the House. His plan received only one vote, that of its sponsor, Koppendrayer. The vouchers were attacked from the left as an unconstitutional assault on public-education funding and from the right as reckless governmental intrusion into private and home-based education. Voucher plans usually succumb to this left-right pincer attack, and the Minnesota experience was no different.

But Carlson and Koppendrayer were unbowed. The governor sent his staff back to the drawing board, and Koppendrayer promised to carry the next bill as long as he had Carlson's word that he would fight to the last.

Koppendrayer is an unusual pol. A dairy farmer and international agriculture consultant, he came to the school-choice issue after watching three of his children adapt to Spartan school conditions on the island of Java in Indonesia, where he worked from 1987 to 1989. "There were 50 kids from 13 countries in two rooms that sat on a concrete slab that has paper-thin walls on three sides," he remembers. "But the students were motivated, the parents were caring, and the teacher was energized. All of my children learned as much as, if not more than, they had in the States. I don't care if you have a Taj Mahal or a palm tree, education can happen."

Two of Carlson's lieutenants, Tim Sullivan and Susan Heegard, crafted the tax-credit and deduction plan. They reasoned that by eliminating vouchers, they could kill opposition on constitutional grounds and mollify home-schooling parents who worried about the heavy hand of government. They also calculated that tax deductions for an array of educational expenses would win over those middle-class voters still content with schools in their areas.

Carlson signed off on the concept in the spring of 1996 and immediately began selling the idea to key players in Minnesota politics. He wooed business groups, and his staff buttered up education-policy experts at the University of Minnesota. Carlson directed Johnson and Sullivan to see whether his plan could win the support of GOP presidential nominee Bob Dole. The two assumed that if the plan could win Dole's endorsement, they could keep state voters interested in the topic of school choice. They also knew Dole's support could attract out-of-state money, which they were sure they would need to counter the expected onslaught from the unions.

Johnson and Sullivan had both worked for Vin Weber when he was a member of the House and a key part of Gingrich's Conservative Opportunity Society. They began working on Weber soon after he became Dole's domestic-policy adviser. Weber and former education secretary William Bennett, an informal Dole

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adviser, were adamant about incorporating school choice into Dole's message and saw Carlson's plan as an important component of their message.

Dole eventually endorsed the idea and came to De La Salle High School in St. Paul on July 17 to endorse federal legislation providing scholarships and limited school choice using state and federal funds. The standing-room-only crowd thundered its approval, and Dole appeared visibly energized by one of the best-staged events of his otherwise miserable campaign.

Consistent with Dole's luck, however, news of the event barely made it outside of Minnesota: That very night, TWA flight 800 exploded off the coast of Long Island.

But the experience earned Carlson plaudits from the Dole campaign, and the governor was given a prime-time slot on "Education Night" at the GOP convention in San Diego. There, he met John Walton, son of Wal-Mart founder Sam Walton and a member of the American Education Reform Foundation. Walton had bankrolled school-choice efforts in California and Colorado, and he was interested in Carlson's plans for Minnesota.

These milestones increased voter awareness of Carlson's intention to push hard for school choice in the coming legislative session. A small, poorly funded umbrella group known as Minnesotans for School Choice commissioned the first poll on the governor's tax-credit and deduction plan in February 1997. The numbers proved almost too good to be true: 66 percent of those surveyed supported Carlson's plan, including use of the tax breaks for private-school tuition.

"Unlike vouchers, which divide the Republican party, the tax credit and deduction is universally accepted in the party and has strong appeal with conservative Democrats," says Brian Tringali, a pollster with the Tarrance Group, which conducted the poll on the Carlson plan. "We had done so much polling on vouchers before, I was surprised by the magnitude of support."

By now, all of the state's conservative grass-roots groups were united behind the plan. The roster included the Minnesota Christian Home Educators, the Minnesota Catholic Conference, the Missouri-Synod Lutheran Church, and many others. "Our part was to generate and mobilize grass-roots support," says Kristin Robbins, executive director of Minnesotans for School Choice. "Early on, we had no Democrats supporting us. But they came around as people made their calls and sent their letters."

At this point, Carlson and his staff began to think they could win. But members of the American Education Reform Foundation were reluctant to donate more than the $100,000 they had already put up for a grass-roots campaign. Once the foundation concluded that Carlson would push the issue to the hilt, however, it provided an additional $150,000 for a $230,000 media campaign produced by Minnesotans for School Choice, a campaign that coincided with the end of the legislative session.

Minnesotans for School Choice sent 40,000 direct-mail pieces into districts of key legislators, as did Focus on the Family. The Minnesota Family Council sent out more than 100,000 newsletters on the subject. Together, more than 250,000 pieces of mail highlighting the school-choice issue were mailed during April, May, and June. In addition, the state GOP generated 8,000 calls to undecided legislators.

These efforts softened up the opposition, but not enough for Democrats to budge. Instead, the legislature sent Carlson a $6.7 billion K-12 funding bill with no school-choice provisions, daring the governor to veto it.

Amazingly, he did, becoming the first governor in state history to veto a stand-alone K-12 bill. The Democrats accused him of throwing a tantrum. They decided to play rope-a-dope and wait until the end of June, when funding would expire for the state Department of Children. They figured that, by then, school districts would be up in arms, demanding funds to prepare for the coming school year. The Democrats were confident that they had the governor in a box.

But a poll in early June showed sustained support for Carlson's plan, and Minnesotans for School Choice secured another $150,000 from the Reform Foundation, which paid for a second spate of television and radio commercials from June 16 to June 26. About this time, black and Hispanic leaders announced their support for the Carlson plan. For the first time, Carlson could point to strong backing outside the GOP and at the center of the Democratic coalition.

Carlson then added his own brand of brass-knuckle politics by traveling to the districts of Democratic legislators who opposed him but who also sent their children to private schools. Carlson went so far as to speak from the pulpit at Our Lady of Guadalupe Catholic Church in St. Paul, the parish of state representative Carlos Mariani, a liberal Democrat and staunch opponent of school choice who sends his children to private school.

"This issue brings out more hypocrisy than any other issue I know of," says Carlson. "Why is the opportunity enjoyed by rich liberals denied to poor families? I find that extremely offensive." Mariani and other Democrats cried foul, accusing the governor of needlessly personalizing a legitimate policy disagree-

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ment. But their protests had the lone effect of egging Carlson on. "The Left, their attitude is they define the debate," Carlson says. "The personal behavior of conservatives is fair game, but if you talk about them, it's a low blow. Sometimes you have to take on the bully."

Throughout the spring and summer, Carlson and his allies feared a massive counterpunch from the Minnesota Education Association or the National Education Association in Washington. But it never came. "We suspect that they thought they were okay with a Democratically controlled legislature," Kristin Robbins says. "They underestimated the support for this. It's a good thing they didn't [wage a campaign]. We couldn't have kept up."

In fact, the lack of a coordinated union response was pivotal to the final outcome. House speaker Carruthers says many Democrats were dismayed by the unions' apparent surrender: "There were people frustrated by that, there's no question."

Four days before many government agencies were set to shut down, for lack of state education funding, the legislature approved much of what Carlson had originally proposed. Democrats who only weeks before had decried the tax credits and deductions as an assault on public education were now celebrating a grand compromise.

Arne Carlson

Kent Lemon

Consider the conversion of Speaker Carruthers. In a May interview with THE WEEKLY STANDARD, Carruthers had this to say about Carlson's school-choice plan: "We didn't support it because it would mean reducing funding for public education and spending it on private and religious education. . . . It's a zero-sum game. They are trying to portray this as giving people back tax money. Come on! . . . It's not about tax breaks, it's about getting more money to private and religious schools."

And here is Carruthers's assessment of the June result: "We feel it was a good, solid compromise. If it's a good idea, let's see how it works. There are a lot of very desirable things about it."

The speaker's conversion speaks volumes about the success of Carlson's plan and the degree to which Democrats in his state have, against their own wishes, become shareholders in the nation's largest school-choice program: "This wasn't our issue as Democrats," Carruthers says. "We were not pushing this thing. In a vacuum, would we have proposed this? No. The governor vetoed the education bill. It was a reasonable compromise. Would I have supported it on its own? No. Both sides are unhappy. They [the teachers' union] can afford to be in a vacuum. They can take more of a purist point of view. We did not feel that we could do that. Most members thought that it wasn't realistic. There was pretty good support for the governor's program. It was a well-done campaign."

Carlson's victory contains many lessons for Republicans. For congressional leaders, the governor's tactics suggest ways to energize grass-roots activists deadened by a year's worth of craven compromises with Clinton. For Republican governors, the Minnesota experience reveals the degree of public thirst for the right kind of school-choice package. Carlson's success would seem easy to duplicate in the 12 states where Republicans control both the governor's mansion and the legislature. His staff has been besieged with inquiries from legislators in Arizona, Illinois, Nebraska, and Oregon.

"It's going to inspire people, especially grass-roots activists," Kristin Robbins says. "People want to know if it's possible to win with a small budget, skeleton staff. Well, this gives governors and legislators around the country the courage to stand up to the teachers' unions."

It should. We'll see. ♦

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Slumming Clearance

Why Raymond Chandler Endures

By Andrew Ferguson

In Raymond Chandler's third novel, *The High Window*, a minor character walks into the office of the private detective Philip Marlowe, the indelible hero of all Chandler's books.

The visitor surveys the scene and sniffs, "I'm a little disappointed. I rather expected something with dirty fingernails. . . . I've never met a private detective. A shifty business, one gathers. Keyhole peeping, raking up scandal, that sort of thing."

"You here on business," Marlowe asks, "or just slumming?"

It's a question that for more than fifty years has troubled literary types when they wander into the collected works of Raymond Chandler. During his life he published seven novels, all of them detective stories. He was a genre writer, which places him, according to lit-crit taxonomy, alongside the likes of Louis L'Amour and Barbara Cartland. By definition, genre writers are not supposed to produce works of lasting literary merit. And yet—the fascination Chandler's books hold for people with rarefied tastes is remarkable. T.S. Eliot, for one, was floored by them, and so was W.H. Auden, who said the adventures of Philip Marlowe "should not be judged as escape literature but as works of art." Two years ago, the Library of America canonized Chandler with an edition of his work. Albert Camus cited him as an inspiration, and Anthony Burgess said no account of American literature could be complete that failed to offer Chandler a central place. Evelyn Waugh, in the late 1940s, wrote flatly that Chandler was "the greatest living American novelist."

Camus was French, of course, and the judgment of such people is notably suspect, as anyone who's seen a Jerry Lewis movie can testify. Waugh, for his part, may have been merely puckish or perverse. But what of the others—puckishness not being a staple of T.S. Eliot's critical repertoire? Ever since Leonard Bernstein favorably compared Lennon and McCartney to Schubert, we've grown used to highbrows slumming. But something different accounts for Chandler's enduring appeal. As the century draws to a close (the sooner the better), it seems clear that Chandler will survive well into the next one, outlasting all but a handful of his contemporaries who devoted their energies to the serious novel. Say what you want about the judgment of the highbrows: In literature as elsewhere, the judgment of the marketplace over so long a span of time should carry some weight.

Tom Hiney
Raymond Chandler
A Biography
Atlantic Monthly Press, 310 pp., $26

The question of Chandler's larger place in the literary universe is one Tom Hiney touches on only glancingly in *Raymond Chandler: A Biography*. Hiney is a journalist, and British to boot—the Brits fell for Chandler early and hard. Unfortunately, Hiney fumbles several small matters of fact, owing perhaps to his unfamiliarity with American matters. H.L. Mencken was not a poet, as someone seems to have told Hiney, and there was no such body as "the House Un-American Activities Committee of the Senate." (The one we had was bad enough.) Howard Hawks, the great Hollywood director who filmed Chandler's *The Big Sleep*, should not be confused with Howard Hughes, the billionaire who refused to cut his fingernails. And so on. Small errors aside, Hiney gets the big things right, and his book is a model of the kind of biography we seldom get anymore: relatively brief, well written, sometimes almost breezy, and uncluttered with the jibber-jabber of the faculty lounge. *Raymond Chandler* is the story of a sad life, told straight.

Chandler was born American but raised British. His father, a railroad engineer, abandoned the family in Chicago, and his immigrant mother took the boy back to Ireland at the age of 7, in 1895. The largess of an uncle allowed him to attend Dulwich College, a boys school in the London suburbs. (P.G. Wodehouse was graduated the year Chandler arrived.) He received the kind of education American parents of a traditionalist bent can only dream about today, steeped in Latin and ancient Greek, learning the visual and musical arts, studying English history, continental philosophy, and the classical literary forms. At Dulwich, he was also imbued with a fine English fatalism. Wodehouse recalled the headmaster's comment one afternoon after cricket. "Fine innings, Wodehouse," the old gentleman said, "but remember we all die in the end."

Chandler spent the year after Dul-

Senior editor Andrew Ferguson is the author of Fools' Names, Fools' Faces *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*

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wich wandering Europe, sharpening his French and German. Back in London he bought a silver-topped cane and wrote poetry that got worse as he got older. He tried to make do as a freelance literary journalist, and met with moderate success writing sketches for respectable journals like *Academy* and the *Westminster Gazette*. He flirted as well with a career in the Civil Service.

Hiney lingers over this period of Chandler's life, for it explains so much about him that later seemed anomalous in a writer of hard-boiled detective stories: his wide erudition, his verbal facility, his courtliness and reticence, and his respect for what those American parents might call the "eternal verities." All of these traits were well established in him when he decided to leave England for America in 1912. He was running out of money and, he thought, luck; he had always felt himself to be an American in any case. A series of odd jobs took him to southern California. There he remained more or less for the rest of his life.

His first novel, *The Big Sleep*, was published in 1939, when he was 50. The intervening years make for an unhappy tale. Starting as an accountant, Chandler worked his way up in the oil business until he was director of several small companies. He married a woman almost twenty years his senior to whom, in the end and after a fashion, he was devoted, but with his business success he began to drink and cat around, and in 1933 was cashiered. The abrupt end to his bourgeois career came as a jolt, and he stopped drinking. And in the following year's phone book, he listed himself as "Raymond Chandler, writer." A writer in his mid-40s, that is, who hadn't written anything in twenty years, and who had only limited savings with which to start a fresh career.

Chandler apparently made a stab at writing a serious novel, with no success. But, Hiney writes, "he was business-minded enough—and patient enough—to believe that he had first to learn the mechanics of fiction in order to sell whatever talent he had." He was in this to make a living, after all, and it was then that he discovered the "pulp magazines," particularly the *Black Mask*, home to Dashiell Hammett and others. "It struck me that some of the writing was pretty forceful and honest," Chandler later recalled, "even though it had its crude aspect." And how. For a writer who wanted to learn the mechanics of fiction, there could be no better genre than the detective story, which then as now was often nothing but mechanics.

Of all the usual gifts granted him by his English public-school education, one was missing: literary snobbery. Chandler threw himself into the task of mastering pulp fiction, by all accounts never considering that the trade was beneath his talents (which he always judged to be considerable). "I spent five months over a 18,000 word novelette," he wrote, "and sold it for $180." Other stories followed, each of them slavishly true to the tricks of the hard-boiled genre. There were lots of double identities, missing persons, betrayals, shady pasts, fist fights, unexpected reversals, and more blood than you'd find in a moderately busy abattoir.

The essential skill of a successful detective novelist is the ability to construct a gripping story—a kind of puzzle to be solved. This is often the only skill he has. Amazingly, Raymond Chandler, the greatest detective novelist of all, didn't have it. Critics like to fault detective stories for their implausibility, but the problem with Chandler's plots is that they are often simply incomprehensible. Hiney complains at several points that he has read the early stories half a dozen times without being able to trace the plotlines. A famous anecdote involves Howard Hawks, who, while filming *The Big Sleep*, suddenly realized that he had an extra dead body on his hands. He wired Chandler, asking who had killed this unlucky chauffeur. Chandler consulted the book and wired back: "HAVE NO IDEA." "I never figured out what was going on," Hawks said afterward.

Finding it difficult to construct a story, Chandler transplanted large chunks of his early plots into his novels, making them, if possible, even harder to follow. Chandler always acknowledged this deficiency—"plot constipation," he called it—but he didn't consider it terribly important. He was turning the genre on its head. In place of the click-clack-click storytelling precision of (say) Erle Stanley Gardner, the creator of Perry Mason, Chandler concentrated his energies elsewhere: the summoning of a distinct and original world through full-blooded characters, the description of scenes and atmosphere, and an evocative prose style. His books are page-turners—unputdownable, as the blurb-writers say. But the reader keeps turning the pages not so much to solve the puzzle as to take in another quirky character or enjoy a fresh helping of Chandler's glittering prose. Who killed the chauffeur? Who cares?

Writers are supposed to write about what they know, and what Chandler knew, firsthand from his years in the oil business, was Los Angeles. In the early years of this century the oil business defined the city, with its freewheeling corruption and sprawling lawlessness, and the mood persisted at least until the onset of the Second World War. This is the Los Angeles that Chandler recorded exquisitely and preserved forever in his novels. It is a twilight world in which every rich guy is a parvenu, every woman is on the make or has been made, every cop is a crook, every businessman a mobster, and every mobster—well, every mobster is a mobster squared. At the still center is Chandler's hero Philip Marlowe. The cases he works on allow him to survey Los Angeles at every level, from Beverly Hills out to Malibu and back in again to East L.A.

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And again unlike his predecessors, Marlowe is all too human; as a private detective, in fact, he sometimes exhibits an alarming incompetence, and he is all the more appealing, even noble, as a result. "I see him always in a lonely street, in lonely rooms, puzzled but never quite defeated," Chandler wrote.

Chandler is endlessly quotable and endlessly parodied. As a stylist he was perhaps overfond of similes. At his death he left a notebook filled with ones he hadn't yet used: "as exclusive as a mailbox," "as lonely as a lighthouse." And some of the ones he did use he shouldn't have: "I was as hollow as the spaces between the stars." But as Pico Iyer has pointed out, Chandler's similes are the "perfect device for describing a world in which everything is like something else and nothing is itself." All of Chandler's famous stylistic mannerisms are put in service of summoning that world, and after a half-century of satires and parodies they can still startle you when you come upon them in the books themselves. Birds don't merely sing there, they do this: "Outside in a bush a mockingbird ran through a few trills and admired himself before settling down for the night." How about a nice walk along the beach? "On the right the great solid Pacific trudged into shore like a scrubwoman going home."

You can love this sort of thing or hate it, but there's no denying that in such passages Chandler wants more than to tell a rippin' good yarn, which, as noted, he couldn't do anyway. He is trying, image by image and scene by scene, to seduce the reader into sharing his view of the fallen world. This is an artistic ambition, and the degree to which he succeeds in it explains why Chandler holds the reader and continues to engage him in a way that Gardner or even Hammett never could. But Chandler wore his ambition lightly. He was that rarest bird, a fastidious and gifted writer with no literary pretensions whatsoever. Though he wrote about the "writing game" with great discernment—his collected letters, full of the subject, will survive at least as long as his novels—he had the traditional Anglo-Saxon contempt for theory and critical abstraction. He never thought he was slumming. Instead he reveled in the apparent paradox of a tweedy, pipe-smoking public-school graduate writing novels that averaged one grisly murder for every twenty pages.

Raymond Chandler

Chas Fagan

"It would seem that a classical education might be rather a poor basis for writing novels in a hard-boiled vernacular," he once wrote a friend. "I happen to think otherwise. A classical education saves you from being fooled by pretentiousness, which is what most current fiction is too full of. In this country the mystery writer is looked down on as sub-literary merely because he is a mystery writer, rather than for instance a writer of social significance twaddle. To a classicist—even a rusty one—such an attitude is merely a parvenu insecurity."

Chandler had no such insecurity. He considered the distinction between genre fiction and serious novels fallacious. "When people ask me, as occasionally they do, why I don't try my hand at a serious novel, I don't argue with them; I don't even ask them what they mean by a serious novel. It would be useless. They wouldn't know. The question is parrot talk." He took pride in his work, admired what he had accomplished, and husbanded his reputation. By the mid-1940s he was making a good deal of money but could have made more. He declined to lend his name to a Raymond Chandler pulp magazine and vetoed proposals for a Marlowe comic strip. When Marlowe came to radio and TV, Chandler insisted on the right of script approval, lest someone subject his detective to undignified melodrama. He worked for a few years in Hollywood—writing, among much dross, the superb screenplay for Billy Wilder's *Double Indemnity*—and made still more money.

But he began drinking again. His elderly wife slid into a long illness that lasted until her death in 1954. From that moment until his own death in 1959, Hiney believes, Chandler was almost continuously drunk. The discomfort of these miserable final years showed in his writing. Shortly before his wife's death, he published *The Long Goodbye*. It is the

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longest of his books and more than any other won him the respect of literary critics. The *New York Times* pronounced it a masterpiece; "awesome," said Bernard DeVoto in *Harper's*; "an astonishingly accurate mirror of modern man's changing outlook on life and society," said the *Saturday Review*. As you might expect from such verdicts, it is his worst book.

In *The Long Goodbye*, the critics saw an author at last reaching beyond the genre to grasp "significance"—"trying," in the words of the critic Frank MacShane, "to move the detective story into the mainstream of traditional fiction." Whether this was truly Chandler's intention, no one knows. Earlier in his career, such an effort would have struck him as superfluous or unnecessary, even pretentious. "When art is significant," he had written, "it is always a by-product and more or less unintentional on the part of the creator." This is true of his first novels, for what social significance they did possess was entirely incidental to the rich pleasures of characterization and style they offered as a main course.

If in praising *The Long Goodbye* the critics thought they were slumming, it was merely to lift Chandler into the cozy parlor of respectable fiction. *The Long Goodbye* is the work of a man dissatisfied with the constraints of the ordinary crime novel, and his craving for something "larger" billows out from every page. Long discursive passages obscure the plot and crowd the characters. In such moments Chandler veers perilously close to "social significance twaddle." Marlowe himself is no longer the still center, offering wry and disinterested observations on the unfolding carnival, but an emotive force, given to gassy digressions. The book reads at times like an entry in a parody contest. "I was a grain of sand on the desert of oblivion," Marlowe says. The critics cheered, but the real Marlowe would have smacked him in the kisser. ♦

OVERRIPE BANANA

Japan's Hottest Young Author Slips

By J. Bottum

The problem with writing worse books is that they tend to reach back and infect an author's better books. Philip Roth, Norman Mailer, and John Updike have all, at one time or another, produced failures that managed mostly to expose problems they had successfully masked in their masterpieces. When the news surfaced that Jerzy Kosinski had plagiarized the plot of *Being There*, his third book, readers could at last see the thinness of invention present even in his well-regarded first two works. When J.D. Salinger published in 1961 his overprecious second novel, *Franny and Zooey*, critics were finally able to discern the forced quality they had missed in their astonishment at *The Catcher in the Rye* in 1951.

Banana Yoshimoto
(Russell F. Wasden, trans.)
Amrita
Grove, 368 pp., $22

There was never a whole lot of serious literary significance to the young Japanese publishing phenomenon who changed her name from Mahoko Yoshimoto to "Banana" in 1987 and has written nine bestselling books in the ten years since. The daughter of one of Japan's leading 1960s radicals, Yoshimoto found with her first novel, *Kitchen*, the same kind of huge and virtually inexplicable success in Japan that was found in America by Erich Segal's *Love Story* in the 1970s and Robert James Waller's *The Bridges of Madison County* in the 1990s, selling out 57 Japanese printings in less than five years.

When *Kitchen* appeared in English in 1993, however, it received far more serious notice than such freak bestsellers normally obtain. American reviewers, entranced with the novel's glimpses of the unfamiliar Japan of a rootless new generation, seemed happy to have a hip, young, foreign author—a sort of Far Eastern female version of Jay McInerney or Bret Easton Ellis—to recommend. Generally praised translations of a second novel, *N.P.*, and a collection of short stories, *Lizard*, quickly followed, and it looked for a while as though the Banana Yoshimoto empire would establish itself in the United States.

But with her latest novel, *Amrita*, she may have finally wrecked her chances here, for this is one of those books so bad that they ruin not only themselves but everything else their authors have written. A novel of situation rather than incident, with oddball characters set down in unconventional circumstances in order to record their eccentric feelings, *Amrita* lacks much in the way of describable plot or action.

Narrated by its heroine, Sakumi Wakabayashi, a Tokyo barmaid in her twenties, the book covers ground that Yoshimoto has been over many times before: the urban world of the young Japanese for whom the kind of stylized and slightly misunderstood American pop hipness typified by renaming oneself "Banana" is the only ethical code they know—the generation that, without ever choosing any life in particular, has somehow lost for itself the possibility of either its parents' suit-and-tie indus-

Contributing editor J. Bottum is the literary critic of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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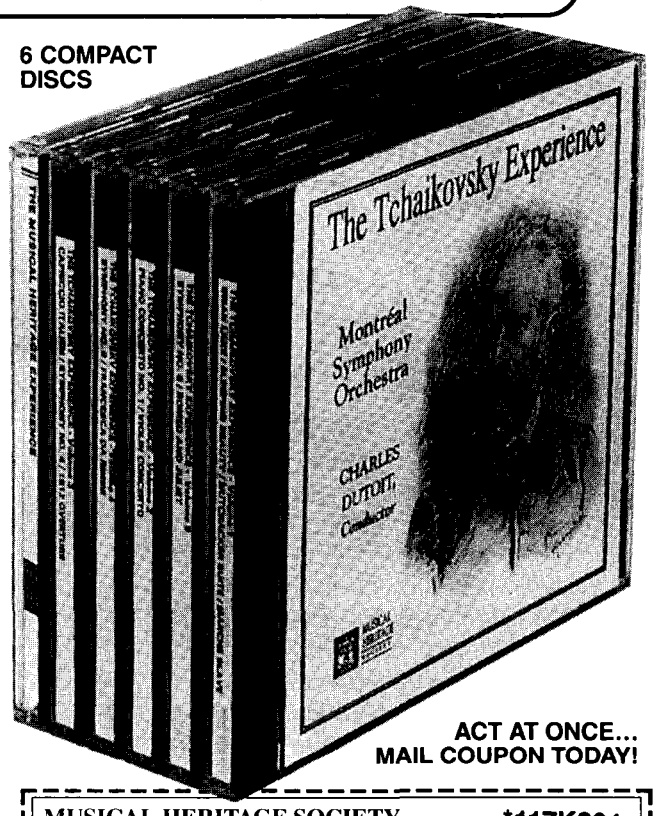

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triousness or its grandparents' kimonoed traditionalism.

As the story opens, its key events have already happened. Living in a haphazard household with her divorced mother, a younger brother named Yoshio, and various poorly defined characters who stray in and out, Sakumi is attempting to recover both from a bad fall that knocked out large chunks of her memory and from the suicide of her sister Mayu, a beautiful starlet lost by the family to the glamorous world of jetsetters, movie stars, and drug-dealers.

There is some genuine literary value, a little shopworn but still serviceable, in having a character slowly recover from amnesia, if only to provide a symbol for the problems faced by everyone in discovering who they are—and particularly by the drifting, rootless children of Japan's middle class. But Banana Yoshimoto uses the dusty old device mainly to lend a specious urgency to Sakumi's tiresome stream-of-consciousness recollection: "Now I remember!" she exclaims over and over again in a breathless narrative filled with exclamation points vainly trying to make significant the banal remarks they trail.

Similarly, though many writers have worked the vein before, there is still some gold to be mined from the suicide of a character's sibling, if only to signal the dangers facing the self and to provide a single, sharp, recurring grief that will tether the narrator's wanderings in memory. But Yoshimoto seems to have introduced the theme of suicide only with some vague notion that the book—her longest and most ambitious thus far—ought to have a weighty occasion for all the deep feeling her characters incessantly express.

Inheriting her dead sister's boyfriend, a novelist-turned-screenwriter named Ryuichiro, Sakumi seeks in a dazed kind of inaction some resolution to her sufferings. Travel paid for with the strong yen is simple for Yoshimoto's characters—the mother flies to Paris, the daughter to Hong Kong, the whole family to a Pacific island—and along the way they seem to encounter only people who share their interest in unthreatening paranormal experiences and easy forays into New Age mysticism.

Banana Yoshimoto

Chas Fagan

In what the reader is nudged to consider a profound parallel, the younger brother Yoshio slowly gains a magical power to predict the future exactly as Sakumi regains her power to remember the past. But, like most of the novel, it doesn't hang together in any meaningful way. The UFO that the family (forewarned by Yoshio) traipses out to see, the albino beachcomber and his singer wife whom they encounter, the reggae bar in downtown Tokyo that Sakumi's boss opens—it's all clearly supposed to mean something, and somehow manages not to.

It's hard to convey in any coherent way the stupendous incoherence of *Amrita*. Part of the problem with the book lies in its prose. The translator may be the one responsible for such lines as "I listened to my brother's footsteps tediously climb off to bed," but only the author could be to blame for Sakumi's explanation that her sister Mayu's nervous breakdown was "her true self crying out to be saved." Yoshimoto's first novels were widely praised for their unpredictable descriptions that no American author would ever risk: *Kitchen* told the story of a 19-year-old girl so lost after the death of her grandmother that she moves her futon into the kitchen and sleeps there beside the refrigerator, "wrapped in a blanket, like Linus." But in *Amrita*, when she writes lines like, "I felt like putting the events of that day away on a disk and saving the file forever; yes, it was that kind of feeling," or when she offers a statue of the RCA/Victor dog Nipper as a powerful symbolic presence, she manages to wreck both her new book and her old ones—revealing that what once seemed a serendipitous touch with metaphor was always nothing more than a misunderstanding of pop culture that derived mainly from a failure to grasp the extent of American irony.

Stripped of the plot and action that masked her previous novels, *Amrita* forces the reader to realize that all Yoshimoto's fiction betrays little more than the moral thinness and intellectual inattention of a child. *Kitchen*, for instance, is now revealed to have tried to have it both

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ways, a girl wandering about unremarking in a new world of divorce, sex-change operations, and aimlessness, but nostalgic somehow for a structured past she never knew. And the book's wispy, delicate young Japanese author avoided noticing the obvious contradictions of the whole thing only by adopting the cloying narrative voice of the faux naïf—the premeditatedly ingenuous, the calculatedly precious, the willfully inane, something like a low-rent version of *The Catcher in the Rye* narrated by a pixilated Valley Girl. In their rush to avoid anything resembling judgment, Yoshimoto's books speak with all the moral authority of Art Linkletter's *Kids Say the Darndest Things*.

In an over-explanatory afterword to *Amrita*, Yoshimoto observes, "The theme of this book is simple. I want to express the idea that, regardless of all the amazing events that happen to each of us, there will always be the never-ending cycle of daily life." Readers ought always to be suspicious of novelists who have to explain what the theme of their novel is, and in fact Yoshimoto's books demonstrate exactly the opposite of her claim: the profound discontinuity of life for those without any moral center, those for whom their twenties and thirties are merely the upper reaches of childhood. ♦

APPEARANCE ISN'T EVERYTHING

Right and Wrong in an Age of Screwy Ethics

By Melinda Ledden Sidak

It is a paradox of our times that, with a few notorious exceptions, politicians today are more honest and trustworthy than they have been in the past, yet public distrust of politicians is sky-high. The conventional explanation is that the Washington scandal machine has so fatigued and disillusioned the public that no one pays attention anymore, simply assuming that all politicians are on the take. Thus we are told that no one cares about Fred Thompson's hearings on the Clinton fund-raising abuses because everybody does it, and, besides, it's already been reported in the newspapers. Similarly, people are indifferent to Whitewater and Paula Jones: Everybody knows that Bill Clinton is an amoral, philandering heel, but the economy is humming and the stock market soaring.

Peter W. Morgan and Glenn H. Reynolds
The Appearance of Impropriety in America
How the Ethics Wars Have Undermined American Government, Business, and Society
Free Press, 304 pp., $25

In *The Appearance of Impropriety in America*, Peter W. Morgan, a Washington lawyer, and Glenn H. Reynolds, a University of Tennessee law professor, argue that public cynicism in the face of apparently obsessive attention to proper conduct is the product of the reigning ethical standard: the appearance of impropriety. As a legal rule, such a standard is impossibly vague and therefore ripe for abuse. For this reason, the authors point out, the American Bar Association explicitly refused to apply the appearance principle to lawyers (though not to judges) when the organization adopted its new Model Rules of Professional Conduct. The drafters noted that the appearance test has no discernible limits and presents "severe problems for both the public officeholder and the private practitioner."

Although the appearance test made its formal debut in the ABA's 1924 Canons of Judicial Ethics, it wasn't until Watergate that the test began to be invoked frequently and applied indiscriminately. As the authors observe in an appendix on Whitewater, it has been difficult for the public to work out the rightness or wrongness of those investigating and judging the Clintons, let alone the Clintons themselves. Not only has independent prosecutor Kenneth Starr been accused repeatedly by Clinton defenders of violating the appearance standard, so have the judges who selected him; his predecessor, Robert Fiske; and Al D'Amato, who was chairman of the Senate committee looking into Whitewater.

The costs of this effort to hold officeholders to a Caesar's-wife standard have far exceeded any benefits. Morgan and Reynolds contend that the appearance standard is both underinclusive and overinclusive. Underinclusive because it substitutes attention to technicalities for substantive, responsible judgments, permitting public officials to engage in dicey conduct that conforms to the letter of appearance rules while violating their spirit. Overinclusive because innocent people are often caught in a net of flimsy accusations, hobbling the institutions in which they work, as well. Equally disturbing, politicians react to every new wave of scandal by criminalizing more and more ethical lapses, real and imagined.

These effects are felt not only at the national political level, but right down to the local school board and throughout the private sector. In a Louisiana parish, plans to connect school-board members to the school

Melinda Ledden Sidak is a writer living near Washington, D.C.

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system's computer network were suspended for fear of ethical problems. "To avoid even the appearance of impropriety," one board member said, "the school system should not provide hardware to board members." Phone lines, however, were deemed okay. The authors write, "When a high school band considers whether to appear in a campaign rally featuring the President of the United States, the debate is framed in terms of the potential for an 'appearance of impropriety.' When NYNEX adopts a company-wide policy on accepting holiday gifts, management invokes the 'appearance of impropriety' principle." Small wonder, then, that the authors conclude, "Hardly anyone seems able to evaluate the rightness or wrongness of conduct these days without gravely considering how it appears."

In their analysis, the authors round up the usual suspects—politicians waging war on their foes, journalists looking for the next big story, an institutionalized ethics bureaucracy in every government agency and corporation. Relying on appearances is easier and safer than doing the hard work of behaving morally or making moral judgments about the conduct of others. The system doesn't really care whether an official is generally honorable and decent, so long as he has correctly filled out his financial-disclosure form and avoided lunch with members of regulated industries. This is the mindset exemplified by Al Gore and his claim that, even if he did make fund-raising phone calls from the White House, "no controlling legal authority" said he couldn't.

This book started out as an article in the *Stanford Law Review*, and as a history and critique of the appearance test as a workable legal rule, it is useful and interesting. But it can't keep up with its book-length ambitions. The authors claim that the appearance standard is merely one expression of a pervasive national obsession with appearances generally. That obsession, they say, defines contemporary society and underlies many disparate cultural and political phenomena, from witch hunts for scientific fraud to the proposed constitutional amendment banning flag-burning. As they explain in the preface, "Having ourselves become sensitized to the uses and abuses of appearances in contemporary society, we found it impossible to look at the world in the same way as before. And the more we identified similar appearance problems in different places, the more we thought it would be a good thing if more people saw the same things that we did."

They embellish these pretensions with a lot of quotations from Henry Fielding's novel *Tom Jones* to draw parallels between contemporary American society and Augustan England. However apt the historical analogy, concern with how things look to other people is a pretty common human trait, persisting from time immemorial. Although the authors discuss example after example of what they call "appearance ethics," they in fact are no longer talking about the appearance standard at all. Rather, they are describing the wholly predictable and usual way human beings—especially politicians—posture hypocritically and strike high-minded attitudes in pursuit of selfish goals and hidden agendas. For example, Morgan and Reynolds appear to be shocked, shocked to discover that lawmakers wanting to appear tough on crime have enacted a lot of symbolic legislation and that prosecutors trying to make a name for themselves often overreach. It's not that the results aren't often damaging, it's just that the authors have strayed beyond legal and political analysis into a larger cultural critique that lacks focus and a coherent framework. At times, they seem to realize this and acknowledge, as an aside, that concern about appearances is universal. Then they resume their struggle to convince the reader that things are worse in this regard today than ever before (except possibly in Augustan England).

They are on to something, no doubt, but it's not concern with appearances over substance per se. The interesting question is what kinds of "appearances" are considered particularly important today and why. Thirty years ago, a family concerned with appearances might have concealed a daughter's out-of-wedlock pregnancy or insisted on a shotgun wedding. But now, women proudly choose to have babies without husbands. At the very same time, our moral sensibilities in other areas are so fragile that Richard Allen had to resign as President Reagan's national security adviser because he accepted a watch from a foreign government. Why are we so concerned about often trivial improprieties in business and financial relationships amid a general climate of moral relativism and nonjudgmentalism about almost everything else?

Morgan and Reynolds at least are aware of the relationship between what they describe as "appearance ethics" and the broad moral decay of society. They even go so far as to suggest once or twice that the obsessive concern with appearance ethics is a symptom of a larger failure to cultivate virtue in citizens. They quote Gary Edwards, former director of the Ethics Resource Center, as saying, "We have had entering the workforce for several years a generation of people whose moral development has been arrested." They even advocate a renewed effort by parents, schools, and churches to reward and inculcate traditional values in children. But they would have written a much more important, more effective book if they had developed these ideas more fully. It's hardly news that human beings care about keeping up appearances. Much more urgent is the question of appearance ethics as a symptom of moral and social collapse. ♦

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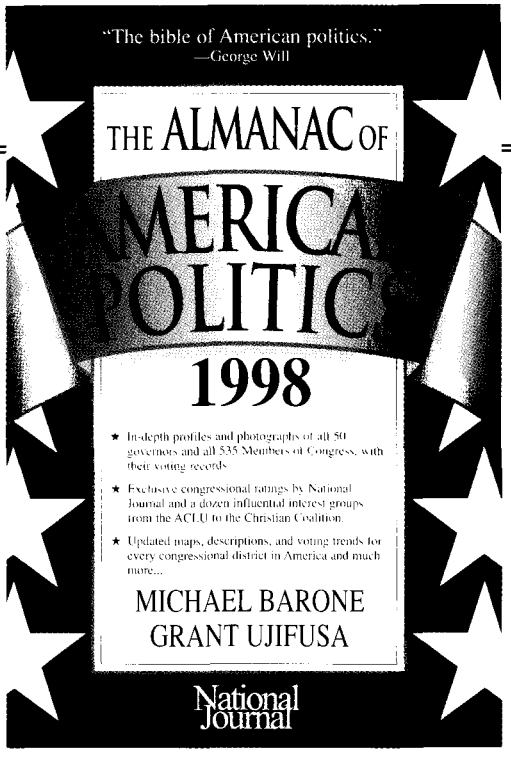

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"I've learned a great deal about empathy. . . . I've learned to recognize the feelings in myself."

—Al Gore, on what he has learned from Bill Clinton

Parody

TRANSCRIPT TYPE: Fund-raising phone call: External sound recording annotated with internal Gore dialogue

LOCATION: Office of the Vice President

DATE: April 28, 1996

THE VICE PRESIDENT: "Paul? Good morning, this is Al, the Vice President. **[I feel a great outpouring of love whenever I speak to millionaires]**. It's really nice to talk to you on such a fine spring morning. It must be beautiful out there in Palm Springs with the desert flowers blooming and sap coursing through the palm trees. **[I feel my own sap rising in the spring warmth. I now see that serving with Bill has allowed me to explore my sensual being.]** . . . Yes, that was a wonderful time we had together on the trail last fall **[The warm glow of friendship overwhelms me. The next time I see Paul I will insist we break down the macho barriers that separate us. We will strip to our shorts, embrace, and weep over the things we never said to our fathers.]**

"Listen, Paul, the reason I'm calling is that the President and I need your help. **[I can now admit it when I feel vulnerable. The thought of 25 million Christian Coalition voter guides makes me afraid. It brings out the weakness I felt as a child. Why were the bellhops at the Fairfax Hotel always so mean to me? Their birthday presents were always so stingy. . . .]** Yes, of course Bill and I would be glad to get your ideas. Your intellectual input has always been very important to us. **[I feel that I am lying. But strangely I do not love myself any less. Lying is a form of self-empowerment. I feel I am doing it for the greater good of the country.]** But what we really need right now is something more in the nature of financial support. A contribution of $100,000 would really mean a lot to us. **[It would. I see that now. If he gave me 100 G I would love him like a brother. I feel the emotion welling in my breast....]** Yes I know business has been tough. But $25,000 really wouldn't get the job done. We really must have $100,000. **[I feel the lust for money stirring in my loins. I feel the delicious pleasure of greed. Greed is a delight! Greed is good! I see that now. Hillary was right.]**

"Well, $50,000 is better, but it's still not enough. Think of your country. And don't think the President and I don't have ways to show our gratitude. We do. **[Yes, I feel power. I can name a battleship after him. We can seize half of Utah and dedicate it in his honor. I feel my power. Hear me roar! I am strong! I am invincible!]** Good. I'm glad to hear you will come through for us. You're a great American. Your $100,000 will be put to good use. Trust me. **[I have succeeded! I have completed the task of this call. I feel good about myself. But what would Bill do in this circumstance, what would Bill feel? I wonder if there are any young female government employees nearby?]**

"Sure, I'd love to get together. But I'm afraid I'll be busy for the next few months. **[I feel annoyed. Why is this creep still bothering me?]** I've got to fly out to a Buddhist temple tomorrow for a fund-raiser. **[I feel up to that task too. I am a Master of the Universe. Sure, I'm breaking every campaign-finance law in the book, but no one will ever touch me.]**

"Bye, now. Don't forget to send that check."

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Richard C. Green, Jr.

UtiliCorp United, Kansas City, MO.
43. Married.

"Soon, you'll buy your energy in a box off-the-shelf at Wal-Mart."

Born with electrons in his blood. Fourth generation to work at Missouri Public Service. Apprentice lineman at 13.

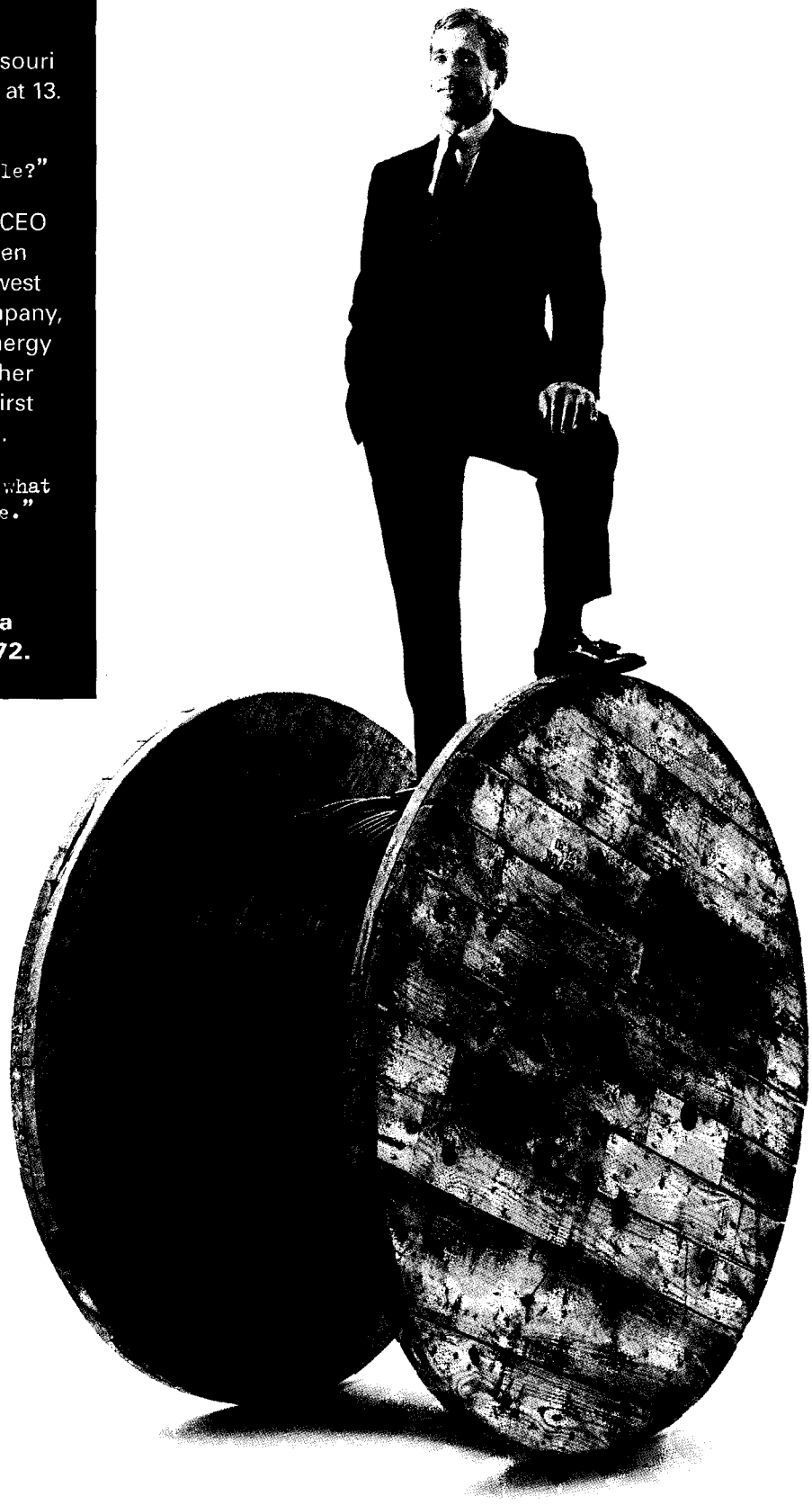
"What could be more fun than climbing a 100 ft. utility pole?"

Rejoined company after college. CEO by 32. Embraced deregulation when others resisted. Transformed Midwest utility into diversified energy company, *UtiliCorp*. Provider of low cost energy solutions across U.S. And in 5 other countries. Introduced industry's first national brand, *EnergyOne*. 1995.

"I want to do to the electron what Kellogg's did to the cornflake."

$4.3 billion in sales, 1996.

Started reading Forbes as a business major at SMU in 1972.



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